CANADIAN

SUMMER EVENING TALES.

BY

ANDREW LEARMONT SPEDON,

Author of "The Woodland Warbler," "Tales of the Canadian Forest,' "Rambles Among the Blue Noses," etc.

"THOUGH STRANGE, YET TRUE."

Thou hast no tower with turrets grey,
No martyr's cairn, or castle hoary,—
No minstrel harp, or relics famed
For legend, song, witchcraft and story;
Yet from thy wilds might genius glean
The fallen leaves of forest ages,
For wreaths to crown thy sovereign head
And decorate thy history's pages.

Montreal:
PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.
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To Henry J. Morgan
From The Author
Ottawa H. L. Speden
Dec 16. 1866

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PRELIMINARY.

CANADA, though comparatively a new country, is in itself replete with incidents and events, of which the most prominent have received an embodiment by the historic pen; nevertheless, there is surplus material sufficient to constitute innumerable volumes,—material, which if neglected to be gathered, will, like the leaves of the forest, naturally decay, and eventually become converted into the oblivious element of the past. Unlike many of the older countries, Canada has but few literary pioneers and sons of song. Yet what a noble field there is for the native sons of genius to gather therefrom the forest laurels of a past age, to adorn the literature of their country, and to give it that mystical enchantment which antiquity alone is capable of giving. Oh! for a shade of Scott, Cooper or Irving, to call up the Indian from his tomb,—the hero from the battle-field,—the mariner from the deep; to breathe upon their dry bones,—to embody them in nobler forms, and to give to them a life and an immortality unknown before! O, ye Canadians! why will ye slumber in literary indolence and allow your noble rivers to roll on, year after year, "*unlettered and unsung*?" With the Indian their poetry

and romance exist only, and with him they die. One would naturally suppose that a country so varied and romantic in scenery, and so full of historic interest, would be richly favourable to the production of poets and novelists. But not so; the flowers of literary genius do not seem to flourish here. The Parnassian laurel when seen, resembles only a rare exotic drooping in an ungenial clime, and unwatered by the nectarean fountains of Helicon. Poets are exotics that our country does not produce: the "*almighty dollar*" is our immortal bard; he is the Apollo of our mountains, lakes, and rivers, and the wandering minstrel with the golden harp.

The colonies of ancient ages were the luxuriant gardens of the muses: but those of the modern era appear to be destitute of the germs of poesy. The prophetic mantle of the poetic minstrel has not fallen upon them; the spirit of inspiration is apparently dead within their souls; and *money* and *matter of fact* are the only essential elements of their genius. Look at Canada, for instance, noted as she is for her agricultural and mineral resources, and commercial enterprise: how feeble have been her united efforts to patronize her native genius of literature; comparatively nothing has been done.*

* Canada is however largely indebted to John Lovell, Esq., of Montreal, for his indefatigable spirit in aiding in its literary and educational advancement. He is the most extensive Printer and Publisher in the B. N. A. Provinces, and throughout them his

Where are now her "Literary Garlands and Magazines?" They have been literally starved to death; whilst Brother Jonathan, in return for his genius of light literature, has fed luxuriantly upon her rich pastures, until at length, like a certain scriptural celebrity, he has "*waxed fat and kicked.*" Look to her authors! Where are they? One after another they have darted forth upon the world like meteors; the most of them have only flashed for a moment, lightened only their own short course, and then sank again into obscurity; but if encouragement had been given them they might have become *starry suns* of systems, instead of *shooting stars.*

The poet Sangster is fretting over his pecuniary loss of literary labour, &c., and resolving to resign his pen.

The Scottish spirit of McLaughlan was determined not to yield to the vicissitudes of literary misfortune, and he became the travelling salesman of his own books. The Yankees peddle the printed brain-work of other people, but Scotchmen generally peddle their own.

The genius of Heavysege still exists within his champion, but the Endoric *spirit* has passed away, and "Saul" is left unsupported.

School Books, &c., are universally patronized, He is recognized as a person of prodigious energy and enterprise. He is indeed the friend and patron of native talent and literature—the encourager of Home Manufactures, and the liberal supporter of every good cause in which the temporal and spiritual welfare of the people is involved.

Croil has not been favoured with the patronage that his "Sketch of Canadian History" has entitled him to, particularly among the descendants of the Dundasian Loyalists, whose deeds he has endeavoured to immortalize.

And poor unfortunate Clement, the gifted child of misfortune, he found but little comfort in his "Canadian Homes;" but he is now gone from the chilly storms of this world's adversity, and I hope, is now basking in the eternal sunshine of the Celestial Home.

The gifted pen of a Mrs. Moodie, whose whole life is characteristic of exemplary fortitude, has inscribed her genius upon the monument of fame in other lands; whilst the envious critics of Canada have done little more than to chalk her name upon the blackboard of censure. Nor need we refer to her sister, Mrs. Trail, also a well known authoress, to see the literary *favours* of a Canadian public.

Not only in these, but in all, and everywhere, are shadowed forth the lineaments of a relentless adversity among the sons and daughters of genius. Like the wandering Jews, they feel as if they were despised in the sight of men, having no permanent resting place of abode, and verifying in themselves that an author, like a prophet, "is without honour in his own country."

What, may be asked, makes a nation intellectually great? It is its authors. They give embodiment to the spirit of the present, an existence to the past, a reality to the future; and to the unborn millions of posterity an historical

immortality of their country, its civil, religious, literary and political progress; its heroes, its institutions, resources, &c., until at length their spirits become the animated essence of the past; and when millionaires and unmerited distinction shall have passed away into oblivion forever, they shall exist in the deathless remembrance of future ages.

In again presenting myself to the public, as an author, I use no apology. I neither court favour nor fear censure; nor is praise—that paltry perishable breath of mortals—any inducement whatever. I have written for my own amusement, and from a desire to preserve events, which otherwise would have fallen into oblivion; and now I publish as a means to facilitate my anticipated travels. The material from which these Tales have been manufactured has been collected from personal, and other reliable sources; and although some of them may appear to matter-of-fact readers as the flourishes of fiction, I can give no better idea of their reality than by comparing them with a living person when clothed. They are embodied facts; but I have undertaken to dress and embellish a few of them in such a manner as I thought most suitable to my own fashion.

With these preliminary remarks, I now introduce my readers to the "CANADIAN SUMMER EVENING TALES."

A. L. SPEDON.

ST. JEAN CHRYSOSTOME,
CHATEAUGUAY CO., C.E., May, 1866.

TALE I.

THE MILLERITE FANATIC;

OR,

THE MIDNIGHT IMMERSION.

At length commission'd by the Prince of Fate,
On wings of light the fiery chariot flies,—
The Saints in white ascension robes await,
And heavenward strain their wearied eyes,
To hail the heavenly car that bears them to the skies.

Theology, like every other science, has had its false expositors; Religion, its quack professors; Devotion, its fanatics and impostors. The Bible has been warped into innumerable shapes, and its vital blood wrung out upon the altars of a thousand creeds. Not in the cold formalities of the lips—nor within the shadows of the hypochondriac spirit—neither in the evanescent ebullitions of the heart—but in the immeasurable and immortal depths of the soul which has been stamped by the royal signet of heaven, is to be found—and there only—the real essential essence of devotional religion.

Some twenty years ago a religious fanatic by the name of Miller, a resident of Vermont State, solemnly predicted

that on a certain day Christ was to appear in the sky,—the righteous and the righteous dead to be withdrawn from the earth,—the world and the wicked to be destroyed by fire, and that the Saints were then to return to earth in its purified state, and there live and reign with Christ a thousand years, &c. Such a prediction might have merited an excusal had not the day of dissolution been stated with certainty—a day that the Saviour himself informs us, is a sealed mystery, and known only to God himself. How daring, then, is that man who attempts to take the reins of government from the hand of God, and say unto him: "Lo! the harvest of the earth is ready,—the reapers are few, therefore, go to now and thrust thy sickle into the earth!"

Incredible as the doctrine, as a whole, appeared to be, like all other religious novelties, it soon scattered its influence abroad, and gathered around it a host of enthusiastic believers. Its agents were active in disseminating its vital power. In many parts of the United States and Canada, meetings were held nightly, and many people were converted and baptized. The Prophets and Apocalypse were dissected ; their ramifications traced and expounded—Chronology performed miracles upon the ram's horns and the iron teeth of the dragon; and therefrom discovered, to a nicety, the data of dissolution. Antichrist was blown into atoms by the little horn of Belteshazzar. Satan was weighed in the balance and found wanting. The signboards of Time were hung upon the gate-posts of Eternity as typical of the coming crisis; Death was represented upon a pale horse—Hell was following post-chaise at his heels; Apollyon was mustering his forces in the Valley of Armageddon. The

Dragon was wiping off the stars of heaven with his tail; the Seventh Seal was opened; the last vial was being poured out upon the earth; time's clock was striking its last hour; the bells of heaven's temples were pealing forth; Michael, the Archangel, was lifting up the golden trumpet to his lips to waken up the sainted sleepers of the tomb, and proclaim to universal nature the death of Time and the birth of Eternity. Such was the prelude of that universal crisis. As the day of dissolution drew near, excitement became rampant among believers. Many acted as reckless of the world, and manual labor was almost suspended; women became deranged, and some committed acts of violence and even suicide; men stared aghast, waiting for the miraculous advent. Ascension robes were made,—platforms were erected—ministers, in flowing mantles, paraded to and fro, crying aloud, "Woe, woe to the wicked inhabiters of the earth; let us fear God and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come."

A very credible story is related of a party of Millerites having mounted a high platform on the morning of the Last Day, to await the coming of the Messiah, and be in readiness to take wing. There stood the minister in his silken robes, surrounded by his flock in flowing garments, all of whom were in wild confusion, giving praise and glory to the King of kings. At length a distant cloud was seen in the azure sky, apparently floating hitherward. Every heart was elated with celestial joy, and every eye gazed heavenward, expecting momentarily to behold the beatific vision. So intense did the excitement become that many began to jump like maniacs, and yell like very demons. At length a terrific crash was heard—a simultaneous shout from the wild fanatics was given, and in one instant all

were precipitated to the earth among the broken timbers of the platform, and in the amazement of horror to find their immortal selves only a maimed mass of mortality, and further than ever from the celestial regions of the New Jerusalem.

But the story which I am about to relate is not the fiction of an idle dream, nor the flying gossamer of a gossip's tongue—it is therefore true—and my enthusiastic heroine is nothing more than a true specimen of those celestial beings who haunted the sunny temples of the clouds, and flourished during the palmy days of Millerism.

At no great distance from the eastern extremity of the County of Huntingdon, C. E., lived a respectable farmer by the name of Kennebec Kirtleworth. He was a man of strong mental capacities, judicious in his actions, and never willing to embrace any novelty of the age until he had proved its virtues. His religious faith was that of the Episcopal church. His wife was, however, remarkably credulous, fond of the beautiful and romantic, but at times most sublimely ridiculous. She was a warm-hearted votary of the Wesleyan Methodists. Notwithstanding the difference in their religious views, they lived in congenial happiness and contentment. It happened, however, that during the reign of Millerism, a Mr. Hutcheson, a Millerite agent, came into the neighbourhood to sell copies of "Miller's Second Advent," and if possible to establish there a church of that faith. Mrs. Kirtleworth having read the works and attended the lectures on Millerism, became at once a subject of its mesmeric influence; others also fell as victims to the faith. This produced quite a revolution in other churches—ministers became enraged, and like a brave but defeated officer, they again and again

endeavoured to rally their fugitive soldiers around the banners of the Cross. They felt, as it were, the honours of their pulpits outraged—their holy sanctuaries defiled; and in the strength of a devoted cause, they hurled anathemas upon the disciples of the apostate church.

Our heroine at length became a reckless fanatic. She neglected her domestic duties—literally she cared nothing for the world; to her it was only a fleeting shadow—its grandeur and beauty a misnomer of fiction; terrestrial life a floating gossamer—and earthly happiness but the final cadence of expiring time. Eternal life and the glories of the celestial Advent were her only themes—her happiness—her life—her all. For these, and these alone, she had resolved to devote body and spirit during the *short* period of her *earthly* existence.

Woman's influence over man may be strong indeed, but Mr. Kirtleworth remained as impregnable to his wife's persuasions as the adamant. At first he attempted to outreason her—but in return she was like the flint to the percussive steel—sparks flew and passion kindled, and poor Kennebec had to succumb in silence beneath the impassioned eloquence of her unruly tongue. Poor man: he beheld in sorrow the increasing infatuation of his wife—the recklessness of his family—the disorder of his domestic affairs—a disease without a remedy—and a degradation without redemption. He became at length dejected—the dreams of his waking spirit tantalized him, and the visions of the night disturbed his soul; and he felt, as it were, alone—alone in the world.

"Bless my stars! Mr. Kirtleworth, how ill you look; you appear as if your stomach was possessed of a bad con-

science, and your face guilty of you having wronged the devil of his due last night," said neighbour Hallowell to him one morning.

"Friend Hallowell, I suppose I look bad enough, but I assure you I feel worse; perhaps you are aware of the cause."

"Oh, nothing else but those infernal heretics, I suppose."

"Well, they and my wife together."

"Your wife! Mr. Kirtleworth. Bless my soul! has she transmogrified you into a Millerite at last?—ha, ha! —the thought of having to leave the world so soon is, as I see, all the trouble with you now—ha, ha, ha! Upon my soul, you are only the shadow of Shakspeare, in sheep's clothing.

> The high-topt corn, the glorious pumpkins,
> The solemn cattle and the gorgeous horses,
> The barns and stables—yea your house itself,
> And all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And like the fiery car of Lucifer
> Leave not a Millerite behind.

"Mr. Hallowell, you well know that I am no Millerite. I spurn them and their doctrines. But if you only knew what trouble I have with my wife and them, you would pity me."

"I have heard so, Mr. Kirtleworth, and laying all jokes aside, with my whole heart I really do pity you," said Hallowell, sympathetically.

The mind that is labouring under a load of troubles generally seeks for an opportunity and some kindred spirit or object worthy of confidence, in which to breathe the echoes of its sorrows, either real or imaginable. Such was the case with Mr. Kirtleworth. Mr. Hallowell, having

listened attentively to his neighbour's tale of sorrow, emphatically exclaimed, "I can cure your wife, sir, and drive Millerism out of her head and heart in less than twenty-four hours."

Having acquainted Kirtleworth with the secret of the proposed experiment, and obtained his assent and promise of assistance, he departed in order to make the necessary arrangements. Hallowell went immediately to the parson of the Episcopal Church, told him also the whole secret, and obtained from him his white surplice for the occasion—other necessary articles were readily procured.

Day passed away, and night had again closed its eyes upon the world. Mr. and Mrs. Kirtleworth retired to bed. The calm solemn hour of midnight came, and with it came a knock upon the window of that chamber wherein they slept.

"Who's there and what do you want?" interrogated Mr. Kirtleworth.

A sweet voice, tempered to the gentle softness of a seraph's tone, spoke forth,—"I am the Angel Gabriel, commissioned by the King of kings to visit this your earthly tenement, and take therefrom your beloved, sanctified and redeemed spouse, Marion, and bear her aloft in her embodied form to the celestial regions."

"Glory! glory! Alleluiah!" shouted Marion.

"You must take me also," said Kirtleworth.

"Ungrateful sinner as thou art, sin-stained and guilty is thy soul, thou hast spoken blasphemy against the celestial church, and lo! thy words are registered in heaven; therefore thou can'st not go."

"How often have I told thee, Kennebec, the truths this holy angel tells thee now, and with a woman's virtuous love

admonished thee; but thou didst spurn my voice and laughed my prayers with ridicule. Oh! Kennebec, repent! repent!"

"Angelic lady, thou hast spoken well. Be silent now. Enrobe thyself in haste and I will bear thee, noble lady, from this wretched world of woe and wickedness."

Mrs. Kirtleworth arose, put on her ascension robes, pressed an angelic kiss upon the mortal lips of her husband —breathed a seraphic benediction upon his soul,—and went out to meet the Angel Gabriel.

What holy ecstasies fluttered around her spirit when she beheld the celestial messenger,—seated upon a milk-white steed—his raiment white as the virgin snows—a white robe hung loosely around him—a white turban enveloped his sacred head—a white vail covered the radiance of his face; a glorious whiteness enveloped all.

Without hesitation, she seated herself behind him upon the horse, and with tender arm clasped his etherial waist. Off flew the charger with the celestial pair,—she gave one lingering look behind, but the old home soon vanished in the darkness.

"Holy One!" she at length exclaimed, when shall we arrive at the New Jerusalem?"

"In one short hour," he said.

"Do the celestial regions surpass in glorious reality the representations of man's highest imaginings?" she then inquired.

"Angelic lady," he replied, "no spirit embodied with mortality can form even the faintest conception of the sublimity, grandeur and magnificence of that glorious and

immortal kingdom. Not even I can tell thee in the feeble language of mortals :—

> Heaven has a language of its own
> To give embodiment to angels' thoughts;
> With it alone could I the heavens describe,
> Where hills of ether plume the radiant skies,
> Where fertile vales of light perennial bloom,
> Where crystal springs in living rivers run,
> Where bloom the fadeless flowers of Paradise
> And wings of countless angels fan the air,
> Too pure for aught but sainted souls to breathe.

"Beautiful—poetically beautiful!" exclaimed Marion enthusiastically.

Having gone about two miles they came to a small river that intersects that part of the country, and Gabriel reined up his charger to a halt upon the brink.

"Angelic goddess!" said he, we have now arrived at that spot of earth where for the last time thou shalt set thy foot upon unhallowed ground; but ere thou bidst adieu to all sublunary things, I must baptize thee in the river Jordan, and thence we shall ascend in the majesty of celestial and immortal glory."

"That will be glorious!—glorious!" shouted Marion.

Having dismounted, he tied his horse, and then led his angelic lady down upon the immersion platform, that had been erected by the Millerites,—the very spot where Marion had been previously immersed. He then drew with chalk a magic circle around where they stood, and with his enchanted wand, played a few fantastic cantrips over her. Then embracing her with fond arms, he gently dropped her into the water, muttering at the same time some mysterious paternoster.

"Alelluia! Alelluia! Amen!" shouted Marion, and like a garden lily she floated on the stream.

Then seizing hold of her somewhat roughly, he plunged her into the depths of the water, and shouting aloud in a sort of a chant, "Oh! that will be glorious—glorious!"

"Oh, Gabriel! Gabriel!" exclaimed Marion as she rose upon the surface, "that is enough—enough!"

"Thy skin is like the Ethiopian's, and thy colour as the leopard's," said he, "therefore thy body must be cleansed of all its earth-impurities ere thou depart," and down he plunged her again—again—and again, chanting at full chorus, "Oh! this will be glorious—glorious."

"Vile monster that thou art! darest thou insult me thus?—dost thou attempt to take my life?" blubbered out the half-drowned Marion after having again drawn breath above the water.

"Renounce the devil and all his works," said Gabriel, "and I will let thee go."

"Unclasp thy hand, vile wretch!" cried Marion, struggling vehemently within his grasp.

"Until thou hast solemnly sworn before me to renounce thy faith in Millerism, and from thy soul tear out its hellish creed, I will not let thee go."

"Begone, vile monster! to thee I will not yield my faith; incarnate fiend, I say, begone! begone!"

Instantly he again unmercifully plunged her, and held her for several seconds under the water.

"Renounce!" he cried, "or I will drown thee in these depths, and hurl thy soul to hell! Heaven's justice seeks thy life;—one moment more—renounce thy creed, or die!"

"Oh, Gabriel! I will! I will! spare my life!" Marion at length sputtered out.

He immediately hauled her out upon the platform, and, oh! horrors, what a pitiable object she was! She solemnly swore before him to renounce her faith in Millerism. He then placed her behind him upon the horse, and galloped homeward with her, sat her down at her own door, and thence departed at full haste, leaving her to her own reflections.

As Mr. Kirtleworth lay upon his solitary couch that night, another knock was heard upon his chamber window.

"Who's there, and what do you want?" roughly interrogated Kirtleworth.

"I am your own dear wife, and I want to get in."

"That cannot be," said Kirtleworth, "two hours ago my wife accompanied the Angel Gabriel to the celestial kingdom, therefore it cannot be that she has returned to this vile earth again."

"Oh, Kennebec! oh thou my own dear husband, I am your very wife—your own dear Marion. Oh! for pity's sake do let me in, and I will forever renounce my faith in Millerism, and prove a better wife to thee. Oh, let me in, my own dear loving Kennebec!"

Kirtleworth arose, opened the door, and the miserable, unearthly and unheavenly-like image of poor Marion entered.

Like a goddess queen she had left her home
On an angel's ærial pinions,
But she came back like a starved out hag
Of the subterranean dominions.

She immediately retired to bed, and during the rest of the night was permitted to sleep, not in Abraham's bosom, but on the bosom of her own dear Kennebec.

Early on the following morning she resumed the duties of her household, and from that day until the present she has acted as an industrious, virtuous and faithful wife. Whatever were her imaginations or belief respecting Gabriel, remain a mystery—perchance a mystery to herself; —but one thing, however, is certain, that never for one moment has she since disturbed either her husband or any other person with the doctrine of Millerism.

TALE II.

THE HIGHLANDMEN'S HUNT;

OR,

A TALE OF THE BLACK HOG.

I'm nae a "Chew," old Tonald said;
I'se love the pork, but hate the swine;
An' if the diel pe in him's head,
I'll chew him if he enters mine.

ABOUT the year 1814, a number of Highland emigrants settled in the vicinity of Chambly, C. E., on a tract of land in the seigniory of Sir John Johnston, the noted loyalist and warrior. Finding the soil to be somewhat low, and not easily drained, they removed to a newly-surveyed district, adjoining Beech Ridge, now in the county of Chateauguay, C. E., and constituted the "Scotch Settlement," which place, for several years, was known by the name of "Egypt," the very settlement in which I unfortunately spent too many years of my life.

They were a friendly and social people, but very simple and illiterate, and retained nearly all their national characteristics. They were Presbyterians, but full of bigotry and superstition, believing more in the *darkness* of witchcraft than in the *light* of reason and common sense. They were,

indeed, a singular people, and their eccentricities could furnish material for many a ludicrous story. The following is only a specimen:

At Beech Ridge lived an eccentric individual, by the name of John Gray. John was a Lowland Scotchman, of large, muscular growth. His habits were social, but extremely coarse; his actions were slow, but sure, and very eccentric at times; he had a rusty kind of a voice, and as a whole, like the gnarled oak, he was of more value than beauty, and but little polished, either mentally or physically. Jenny, his wife, was even more eccentric in her way. Order and taste had no place in the catalogue of her household virtues; she was always happy, and ever looking forward to be happier; she felt as contented in her fantastic "Joseph" of medley patch-work, as the Queen of Sheba in her purple robes. And, although at variance with the laws of taste, she was as likely to have potatoes, porridge, and pea-soup for supper as anything else. Their family were the living representatives of both parents, and, like the iron ore, of more value than attraction. They were also happy in their homespun, and knew but as little of the world as the world knew of them. Their shanty was a rough building of round logs, ten feet by fifteen, earthen floor, bark roof, and containing an orifice at the top to let the light in, and the smoke out. During their first winter in the woods, one corner of the hut was partitioned off for their cow, the other was the domestic residence of a large sow. Even in this apparently miserable abode, they lived happy, and though they were destitute of the luxuries of higher life, they knew not the rippled temper of being either whimsical or fastidious in food and clothing. However, they had

promised themselves a glorious feast on the hog, of both roast and boil, during the spring work.

Spring at length arrived, and the day came when the fattened hog was destined to yield up the ghost, and the evil spirit thereof, and become transformed into the nutritious element of human life—to lend vigour to the muscles of John and family during their hard spring labour. But whilst John was attempting to seize hold of the animal, it sprang suddenly from its stronghold and long confinement, carried away the shanty door from off its hinges, like the gates of Gaza, and gambolled around the door-yard in wanton frolic, and was followed by John and family. The animal, at length smelling the foul play, and believing its pursuers to be in earnest, galloped off into the woods, and never favoured them with even a transient visit.

Late in autumn of the same year, one of the "Egypt" Highlanders was hunting in the woods in the vicinity of Norton Creek, and came in contact with a large sow, having a numerous progeny, half-grown, feeding on beech-nuts, and as fat and fierce as the ancient boars of the Scottish hills. They were none other than the swinish stock and interest of John Gray. But Donald, believing them to be wild boars of the forest, attacked them, and succeeded in killing one of the litter. He carried his booty home, informed one of his neighbours thereof, a relative of his own, whom he desired to accompany him to the place, in order to procure their winter stock of bacon.

On the following morning, they equipped themselves in the Highland costume of kilt and philibeg, bonnet and feathers, with dirk, musket, powder-flask, and flagons of "peat-reek." Darting through the forest, they soon arrived at the spot where Donald had seen the boars. They

traversed the woods for some time, keeping a sharp "look-out" for the "*pores*," but no "*pores*" were to be seen or heard. At length, having taken a good swig of the bottle, they purposed to follow the bank of the Norton Creek, and ascertain if any marks of the "*pores*" were visible in the mud.

Whilst scrambling over a shelving rock on the bank, Duncan observed a black animal run into a large crevice or burrow beneath the rock.

"Oh, Tonald, mun, haste ye, come here; Ise pe finding the nest o' the pores, an' seed ane as plack as a craw," cried Duncan.

Donald hastened to the spot, examined the orifice, peered into the dark cavern, and imagined he heard the "pores" snoring soundly asleep.

"She's pe the 'pores' nest for sure," exclaimed Donald.

"Weel, Tonald," said Duncan, "Ise pe thinkin' mysel' the pores pe in ped sleepin' as sound as a pat in the lum."

"Noo, Tuncan," said Donald, "ye'll pe stan' at the hole wi' yer tirk, and mysel' 'ill gang in an' gie the tam pores a ploody prog o' my steel."

Duncan stationed himself at the mouth of the den, dirk in hand, ready to give a good prog to the first animal that attempted to venture out. Donald crept quietly into the den. Groping around him, he caught hold of one in its lair, and gave it a mortal prog. Another was likewise disposed of, and he continued to grope around for the others. Meanwhile, Duncan stood ready for action, staring obliquely into the hole, and heard Donald engaged at his savage work.

"She's nae pe squeel," said he to himself, "she's pe pedded asleep i' her plankets."

At this moment he was suddenly aroused into action at the sight of a black, shaggy animal behind him, carrying a dead pig in its mouth, and apparently about to rush into the hole. Believing it to be the sow-pig, or "*sow-pore*," as he termed it, he plunged his dagger into its side as it attempted to enter. Then, gripping firmly hold of its tail, with the Herculean strength of a Celtic hero, he endeavoured to drag back the monster from its stronghold.

"I say, Tuncan, what pe stop the light?" cried Donald.

"Suppose the tail o' the sow-pore pe prake, ye'll pe verra soon know what pe stop the light," exclaimed Duncan.

"Haud on, Tuncan, then," cried Donald, "Ise pe seeing his eyes."

"Oh, Tonald, Tonald, haste ye, gie the sow-pore a prog in the een. Pe hurry man, she's pe soon gaun frae me, an' as sure as the teil, ye'er as teid as a herrin'," shouted Duncan, holding on with both hands to its short tail, gasping and grinning like a hag struggling in the grips of a demon.

At this instant, Donald plunged his dirk into one of the eyes which were flashing red-hot like a fire-ball. It was a lucky prog for poor Donald. Immediately it let drop its victim, and backed out. Duncan instantly sprang on the animal and dealt one dig of his dirk into its head. No sooner done, than it bounded off into the woods, with Duncan straddled over its back, Gilpin-like, holding fast to its mane, and at every opportunity plunging his dirk into its body, and yelling on Donald to follow up.

Donald hastened out of the den, and with utter astonishment beheld, at a distance, the black animal scampering off through the brushwood, with Duncan mounted upon its

back, his hat off, and his black, shaggy hair flapping about his neck, shouting vociferously on Donald.

The animal, from its burden and the loss of blood, soon slackened its speed; Donald bounded forward, and in short time the "sow-pore" was dispatched as their victim.

"Pless my soul and pody, Tuncan," exclaimed Donald, "she's no pe o' the same preed I kilt yesterday."

"Weel," said Duncan, "May pe she'll pe the French preed o' pores; an' tho' she's pe as plack an' ugly as the teil himsel, may pe she'll pe goot for the pacon."

"Weel, weel," said Donald, "if she pinna rost, she's may pe goot for the poil, tho' she's pe as teugh as the teil."

Having carried back the "sow-pore," they entered the cave, being determined to root out the rest from their lair, but found nothing more than the two animals that Donald had killed, and the one that was brought by the sow-pore. Leaving these within the cave, they tied the feet of the sow-pore together. Attaching a pole thereto, they shouldered their black booty, and started homewards in triumph.

As they moved along the rough forest road of Beech Ridge, in the vicinity of John Gray's shanty, his wife, Jenny, beheld, with surprise and horror, the two tall, black, boney Highlanders, in full costume, with blood-stained faces, marching with regular step, carrying the sow-pore between them at shoulder height.

Jenny had heard in Scotland many a wild story about the savage Indians of America, how that many of them went perfectly naked, others with only a blanket about them, that they painted their faces with the blood of their white victims, and had feathers growing out of their heads; that they carried hatchets, bow and arrows, and long knives to kill the white people with, and, worse than all, that they

skinned their victims alive, then roasted and ate them, and afterwards made tobacco-pouches out of their skins.

What a host of horrors haunted the mind of poor Jenny Gray at that moment. She had never before seen a Highlander in full costume, and when she beheld the two heroes she believed them to be none other than savage Indians carrying one of their white victims to their place of rendezvous. Terrified and bewildered, almost frantic, she and the others of the family present, hurried off towards John, who was working convenient to the shanty.

"*Oh, John, John, John,*" exclaimed Jenny, wringing her hands together in bewildered horror, "*the Indians are coming upon us to kill us a', an' they've a man carrying between them that they're gaun tae kill an' eat, it may be at oor shanty. Oh, John, what'll we do? what'll we do?*"

"*The Indians!* d'ye say?" ejaculated John, starting up, "*Guid guide us,* whaur aboots are they, Jenny?"

"*Oh, yonder; yonder, they're commin', an' as sure as daith, John, it's oor Geordie they hae; I ken him by his black coat, an they're gaun tae eat him at oor hoose. Oh, heaven preserve us a'. Bless my soul, we'll a' be deid men in a few minutes. Oh, John, let us rin tae the wuds; rin, rin, my wee bit bairnies, rin—rin for yer life.*"

"*Rin, then,*" said John, wildly starting forth; and therewith, Jenny and her bairns, with the exception of Geordie, their eldest son, who was absent at the time, fled like a gang of furies to the woods, without ever looking back to see whether John or the Indians were following.

John, however, at once had recognised them to be Highlanders, and he hailed them as they approached.

"*What on airth are ye carrying thare, gentlemen?*" interrogated John.

"A sow-pore," said Donald.

"*A what?*" interrogated John.

"A sow-pore," repeated Donald, "that we hae kilt for the pacon."

"A French sow-pore," added Duncan.

"*A soo-pore!*" exclaimed John, laughingly, "I never heard o' sic a name gien either to ony beast or body sin' I was born; may be it'll be some idiom o' yer Gaelic gibberish nae doot, but I wad ca' it naethin' else but a muckle bear."

"*A pear,* exclaimed Donald, "*py cosh, I never seed a pear afore.*"

"*Pless my soul,*" said Duncan, "*an' it pe a pear. I thocht it pe a pore, an' a sow-pore o' the French preed.*"

The whole adventure was related to John, who suggested at once that the hogs that Donald had seen might be his old sow and a litter. Consequently, it was agreed that they should go in quest of the forest brood. Accordingly, on the following morning, they returned to John's shanty, where Jenny, having been made aware of the facts, and who the savage-looking foresters were, was also in readiness to accompany John and them to the woods in search of the old sow and its young ones. Jenny's hunting-dress consisted of many pieces, various colours, and varied textures, from the muslin white of her wedding garb, to the woollen grey of the Canadian forest; one stocking was black, the other white; a shoe and moccasin were foot companions, whilst the head-piece was the dimpled skeleton of John's wedding castor.

Having arrived at the cave, they discovered that the animals which Donald had dirked were two cubs—the other, one of the litter which Bruin had designed for her young ones.

In the course of an hour's research, the old sow and six of her brood were discovered, and eventually shot. They were shortly afterwards conveyed to John's shanty, where each of the two Highlanders received one of the young "pores" for his trouble. Thus were they all providentially provided with bacon and bear meat for the winter. But while Duncan lives he will never forget his ride on the bare back of the bear, and barely escaped with his life. Neither will my readers, I hope, forget the story of the HIELANMEN'S HUNT, AND THE TALE OF THE "SOW-PORE."

TALE III.

ADVENTURES WITH RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

Enrich'd in soul, tho' poor in purse, is he
Whose spirit bears the genuine stamp of heaven.
Who for eternity, not time, lives well;
Who for his Saviour's sake would sacrifice
His all, save but his treasured wealth in God.
But he who counterfeits religion's coin,
And forges bills upon the bank of heaven
Must cash at length his debit in hell's mint,
And take the devil for his banker.

MAN without religion is like a ship at sea without rudder. He may unfurl the sails of morality, still he is drifting at random, and subject to the stygian storms that will inevitably overwhelm him. Unprofession, however, is more credible than hypocrisy. Better to be without the garb of religion than to be a wolf in sheep's clothing. But no hypocrite is more deserving of divine chastisement than he who assumes the capacity of a heaven-appointed agent, and from the pulpit, with polluted lips, attempts to preach the truths of revealed religion for the mere sake of pecuniary gain.

In narrating the following events, I will by no means attempt to insinuate evil against the anointed ministers of God. My object is simply to expose the follies and imposi-

tions of men,—with whom I have been acquainted,—who, under the disguise of the ministerial garb, have dared to preach the gospel.

About five and thirty years ago, the Presbyterians of Beech Ridge and adjoining settlements, built a church, but had no stationed minister, until the year 1836, when the Rev. Thomas McPherson became their pastor. The church members were chiefly Highland and Lowland Scotch. To supply their respective wants he administered the gospel in both the English and Gaelic languages. During the years of his administration he had much to contend with. The petty jealousies of a people so widely different in dialect and characteristics, began to ooze forth. The Gaelic people complained of his partiality to the English, and desired that their sermons should be longer and preached first, &c. The other party murmured in similar tones—and contended that the English sermon should always be first. The Highlanders argued, that as the Gaelic was the older language, it was entitled to a due preference, and some of them even ventured so far back in the ology of tongues as to say, that it was the most ancient of all dialects, having been handed down on fig leaves from Heaven to our first parents,—that it was also the identical language in which Moses and the prophets wrote,—and of which, the Hebrew, Greek, English, and all other like gibberish, are only bastard tongues.

Numerous, indeed, were the business meetings of the members, and various the church arrangements, but after all, nothing permanently satisfactory could be accomplished. Their public meetings were uncommonly eccentric; being conducted without either law or ceremony. In different parts of the church kindred groups might be seen privately

digesting affairs. Some censuring the minister and elders —a few indefinitely boisterous,—others laughing, or squirting a dry joke,—whilst the grand majority were driving a big-tongue business at the one time,—frequently a half dozen of members speaking simultaneously in both the English and Gaelic, and not one occupying the floor, nor giving due reverence to the chair; and at length when they had turned matters into a labyrinth of confusion, and exhausted themselves, by their prodigious efforts—the meeting was closed—

> "An' each tak aff his several way
> Resolved tae meet some ither day."

Some wag, having taken advantage of those turbulent times, apostrophised the kirk members in the following exaggerated lines, which he pencilled upon the church door:

> A stony church without a steeple,
> A just resemblance of the people:
> Where bigots fight and tongues are sounded,
> Till ancient Babel's worse confounded;
> Neither themselves nor laws are "civil,"
> They worship here but serve the devil.

Notwithstanding the many conflicting circumstances, Mr. McPherson laboured hard to effect a change, acting in the capacity of legal, medical and spiritual adviser. But after a few years of hard experience, he removed to Lancaster, C. W. He is still a minister in that place.

The people of Beech Ridge being again without a preacher, advertised largely through the medium of the Presbytery. They wanted a minister who could preach in Gaelic and English, cure diseases, and, in fact, perform miracles.

Several graduates, however, came, and preached in English; but well-seasoned as their sermons might seem to the taste of the one party, they were nauseously unpalatable to the other, who considered a preacher without Gaelic as an imperfect medium of spiritual intelligence. At length an elderly and somewhat respectable like person made application. He stated that he had been for several years an itinerant preacher among the settlers in the back woods—was skilled in physics—and capable of acting as a physician to both the mortal and immortal parts of man.

A meeting of the congregation was held. He was at first objected to, on account of not having the Gaelic.

"Gaelic!" he exclaimed, "give me a Gaelic dictionary and Bible, and I will preach in that language to you in six weeks." Consequently the majority, without consulting the presbytery, agreed to engage him on trial for six months. A liberal sum, as a remuneration, was subscribed, and the Rev. Dr. Crowder became the pastor of Beech Ridge church. How, when, or where, he had merited the title of Doctor, I know not; one thing, I think, is certain, that he had never received it from either the medical or ministerial brotherhood.

The doctor's physical aspect was destitute of anything very impressive. He was short in stature, finely featured, of fair ruddy countenance—and, as a whole, presented a plump and "well-to-live"-like appearance. His manner was generally abrupt—at times, eccentric, and assuming a sort of mental debility, but occasionally modified by a slight sprinkling of home-made courtesy. His usual garb consisted of white corduroy breeches, with buttoned gaiters to his knees, a lengthy swallow-tailed coat, a high-standing collar, white neckerchief; and upon his cranium, in lofty magnifi-

cence, sat a prodigious, broad-brimmed castor hat; the whole of which gave him a very fantastic and antiquated appearance. His only companion was a favourite nag. He preferred riding on horseback, chiefly at short gallop, and then he would wallop up and down in the saddle like a churn staff, beating time to the tune of the "Horse-Heel Polka." Immediately after his induction, he commenced his pastoral visits, and continued them in endless rotation as a sort of "perpetual motion," which, in accordance with his penurious habits, were conducted upon the money-saving system. The love of the "almighty dollar" appeared to be his ruling passion. Even the very sanctity of the pulpit was polluted by his devotion to the "golden idol." He was apparently a most enthusiastic bigot to his creed—a tyrant to the Papal church—and a mortal enemy to the drunkard. The habits and characteristics of all within the neighbourhood, he scrutinized—and the stranger he met with, even, upon the highway, could not escape his fangs. If any appeared as ungenuine, he would hurl anathemas against them,—consequently he created enemies to himself, and endangered his own person; nevertheless, he continued undauntedly his Quixotic career of Religious Knight Errantry.

He was a frequent visitor at my father's house, and for some time, at first, a favourite of our family, but we, like others, soon found reason to lessen our esteem of him. I was then in my thirteenth year. Hitherto I had been impressed with a reverential awe for ministers, especially when brought within their sacred presence, and looked upon them as beings of a supernatural order. Such were my impressions towards the Rev. Dr. Crowder, notwithstanding his many eccentricities, until an incident occurred

which partially unveiled the mysteries of his nature, and rendered him a being of more tangible material than I had hitherto supposed.

Previous to the hour of preaching he usually held Sabbath School in the Church. The pupils sat within a double seated enclosure that extended through the centre the whole length of the building. Every Sabbath, at school closing, a collection for some indefinite purpose was gathered by his reverence—his own "immortal beaver" being the receptacle. But one day the hat was not in view at the accustomed moment; but as soon as he had withdrawn to a convenient corner to count the coppers, it was hustled along from one pupil to another, until the young rascal who sat next to me, got hold of it, and, to crown the farce, placed it over my head. My antic appearance created quite a sensation and giggling among the scholars, which brought the Doctor at long gallop down the aisle, and before I had removed completely the monstrous appendage, he drew his pugilistic handle and gave me a tremendous pulpit rap on the ear—then fastening his feelers around my forelock, and placing his thumb upon an eyelid as a fulcrum, he gave one prodigious jerk that nearly unroofed my cranium and smashed in my visual orb; and then muttered some unhallowed jargon as he left, which I very indistinctly heard owing to deafness occasioned by the blow.

Mortified and confounded I arose passionately, and fled homewards, escaping the notice of my parents; who, on their return from church, desired of me why I had not waited for the service. I related the whole affair, and assured them I would never enter the church as long as the old tyrant was alive. With plausible arguments they tried to alleviate my wounded feelings and reconcile my revenge

towards the Doctor; but I had too deep a sense of feeling and too high a dignity of temper at that moment to yield under the impulse of passion. Next Sabbath came. My irritation was considerably cooled, but I felt no desire to either forget or forgive. I had resolved to stay at home; my father, however, with love and gentleness of temper, addressed me for some time, and at length persuaded me to go with him to church. I took my seat as formerly in the Sabbath School, and appeared as if nothing had occurred; but observed that every face assumed a more sanctified gravity than usual. When the mammoth hat was again brought into service I could not prevent my features from indulging in a smile. School having closed, he thrust his head into the hat, and mounted the rostrum,—the service signal was given, and the audience became seated. Up rose the mighty master of the pulpit, crowned with the unhallowed "head-piece," and every eye stared with astonishment at his ludicrous figure, which created a general smile. Having stretched himself up to an unusual altitude, he introduced his appearance with the following appropriate apology.

"*Fellow brethren,*" said he, "*during the week I was seized by a severe cold in my head, with which I am still troubled. To-day the air is somewhat chilly, and lest I should further render myself liable to its bad effect I purpose to preach with my hat on; therefore I solicit an excusal.*"

This produced an irrepressible smirking and general tittering. No one arising to negative his purpose, he commenced the service; and although he had only one hat to cover all, his sermon that day had no less than four heads.

A few days afterwards he rode up to our house. Having dismounted, he handed me his horse, with the injunction

to give it water and hay. He entered the house, dinner being ready—and without much ceremony seated himself at the head of the table, and commenced a furious onslaught upon the eatables. Having taken the horse to the barn yard and procured a switch, I applied it freely to the animal causing it to flourish a few evolutions.

When having sufficiently aroused its latent energies into action, I directed its head towards the road,—let go the rein, and applied a sharp stroke to its hinder legs. Away flew the animal past the house and along the highway. Instantly I ran towards the door, exclaiming, "Doctor!" "Doctor!" "your horse has ran away from me." The Doctor, without waiting to masticate his last mouthful, rushed out of the house, hatless, and after the horse, at full speed, followed by the members of our family. "Let him run," said I to myself, "he will flee far and fast before I will stir a leg to follow up. He is getting paid back in his own coin." I then hastened into the room, took his hat, and placed it on the top of a long pole which I erected behind the house. The horse was arrested in its flight before it had gone far, and the pursuers soon returned. The Doctor's face showed unmistakable evidence of a hot pursuit. His eyes were literally standing out with bold relief—he was perspiring profusely, and puffing like a pair of kitchen bellows. The other parties also showed symptoms of pulsive action at fever heat. My non-appearance in the chase apparently rendered him suspicious of my treatment to his horse, as he refused to re-enter the house, and very authoritatively demanded his hat; but neither hat nor hostler were to be seen. At length the venerable head-piece was discovered and taken down. He then mounted his horse, muttered a few harsh sentences, and abruptly departed.

The Doctor, however, apparently soon overlooked the affair, for in a few days afterwards he returned, accompanied by a Mr. Simpson—a celebrated physician. This gentleman was well known to us, although he resided at a distance of some fifteen miles. There being no doctor then in our neighbourhood except Crowder, Simpson was frequently called upon. He was a graduate of the Edinburgh University—was a man of highly superior talents,—a profound scholar, and an eminently qualified physician; but he, like many others of the higher order of genius, indulged too frequently in the rum bowl. His physical structure was large and muscular, his full and expressive eyes were over-ridged by one of the finest foreheads I ever saw. In form throughout he was indeed a splendid specimen of *man*. But, alas! he had recklessly precipitated himself into that hellish stream which circumnavigates the earth, and by its mysterious undercurrent, was huriedly floating down towards the inevitable cataract. Oh, mortal man! how long wilt thou continue to sip the infernal spirit-essence of sin —distilled from the blood of devils,—and drugged with the poison of the reptile monster,—and therewith pollute the life-essence of thine own soul, and desecrate the human temple of thy God,—to trample upon its fallen virtues and sacrifice humanity upon the unhallowed altars of Belial!

Dash from thy lips the burning bowl,
Drain not again its virus blood,
Whose hellish fires ignite the soul
To burn whilst endless ages roll,
Unless 'tis quench'd by Heaven's own flood.

* * * * * * *

It appears that Crowder had met in with Simpson at Beech Ridge, and given him a special lecture upon intemperance;—an altercation ensued, whereupon Simpson ab-

ruptly departed; the other, desirous of renewing the attack, perchance, anticipating a possibility of converting him, followed, and overtook him in the vicinity of our house. No sooner had they entered than Crowder commenced a furious onslaught upon drunkards, interspersing his remarks with personalities. Dr. Simpson was indeed slightly intoxicated, and for some time remained quiescent—apparently bearing all very good naturedly. But human nature is not of such elastic material and temper, as to always bend to its extremities without breaking,—consequently Simpson began to show signs of retaliation.

"I desire to know, sir, on what grounds you assume the arrogance to implicate me with such dastard calumny."

"On the grounds that you are a drunkard," ejaculated C.

"None of your impertinence, sir," said S.

"I repeat the assertion; you are a drunkard, sir, and when I say so, I speak the truth," retorted C.

"*You* speak the truth, sir," exclaimed S.; "my good sir, your lips are strangers to its eloquence and virtues."

"But your lips are polluted with blasphemy," said C. "Remember, sir, I am a minister; and I wish you to reverence me as such."

"You a minister," exclaimed S.; "Your style of language and appearance, sir, indicate you to be nothing else than a bankrupt rumseller; and to 'raise the wind' again, have assumed the infernal art of quackery. I see you want to plume your nest with a feather from every bird's wing, and after all you can only cry 'quack.'"

"Woe unto him who raiseth up his voice against the anointed of the Lord," solemnly said C.

"Behold the Pharisee," exclaimed S.; "a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Behold the winebibber," shouted C.; "and woe unto him

who tarrieth at the wine cup—'no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven,' and the gates of hell are opening to receive you."

"Sir, insult me not with your insolence, or perchance you may live to regret it," exclaimed S., moving towards his antagonist, and shaking his fist at him.

At this instant my mother interposed, and the doctor agreed to remain quiet should the minister do so.

"I will not agree to any such terms with a drunkard," said C.

"Essence of insolent arrogance," exclaimed S.; "quack," "quack," "quack."

"Drunken doctor!" "Drunken doctor!" shouted C.—"You were born in iniquity, and baptized with alcohol, and your very name is a witness to it.

"D for David, S for Simpson,
D for Drunken, S for Sot."

The doctor, edging closely towards him, very ingeniously returned the compliment.

"D for Doctor, C for Crowder,
D for d———d, and C for Coward."

And as a sort of accompaniment or farce, he suddenly drew his fist, and gave the preacher one rap on the nasal organ, peeling off the bark the whole length of the nose.

Recovering from his staggered senses, in retaliatory revenge, he pointed his finger towards Simpson's face, emphatically exclaiming, "Accursed fiend! my blood be upon thee and thy children."

The interference of my mother at this moment saved the preacher from another thump.

"Oh doctor! doctor! have mercy upon the minister," she emphatically exclaimed.

"Oh the wretch that he is; I'll show no mercy upon his life; I'll cleave him to the earth,"—and another tremendous blow was hurled forth; but the preacher, like an experienced pugilist, dodged the thunderbolt, and made his exit by the door-way, followed by the doctor. My mother and sister, also, rushed frantically out of the house, screeching at the top of their voice, as if they had seen an earthquake; even the very cat bristled up with terror and bounded up the stairway to the garret, pursued by the yelping mastiff.

The doctor, on discovering the inability of his legs to compete with the preacher at locomotion, gave up the chase. He then mounted his horse and rode off, but shortly afterwards returned to solicit pardon for his conduct.

The preacher also departed as quick as possible, and never afterwards troubled us by his presence.

Next Sabbath, as usual, he appeared in the pulpit—his nose presenting a certificate of his pugilistic ability.

"Dearly beloved brethren," said he, addressing his audience, "whilst on a pastoral tour during the last week, my horse fell and precipitated me to the earth. I must acknowledge my gratitude to Providence that I was not killed on the spot; however, I escaped unhurt, with the exception of a slight contusion upon my nasal organ."

Well might the moralist exclaim, "Behold the liar and the hypocrite!" and in the language of Burns, apostrophise the impostor of the pulpit, thus:

"Even ministers they hae been ken'd
In holy rapture
A rousing whid at times to vend
An' nail't wi' scripture."

* * * * * * *

As a medical practitioner, Dr. Crowder is undeserving of any reputation. His chief remedy for all diseases was hot-water—hence he was styled the "warm-water doctor." Only a few cases came under his treatment; one man was nearly scalded to death for rheumatism; another lost his hair from an application of the hot liquid to cure head-ache; and by its means also, he raised blisters and laid swellings.

As a preacher he was below mediocrity. His prayers and sermons were like strings of beads, being chiefly composed of phrases of scripture strung together. He had been formerly a school-teacher, but like the most of ancient dominies, had latterly become eccentric, and out of date. Hence, of his own accord, he had assumed a clerical position, and went about preaching, to make "money"—of which he was particularly fond; but nevertheless, had a decided antipathy to matri*money*. During his rounds, he carried with him a Gaelic bible and dictionary, but Gaelic still remained an insoluble mystery to him.

At the close of his half year, he was notified that his services were no longer desired; consequently, this closed his career at Beech Ridge—and he departed in search of a more favourable climate for the growth of money and Christianity.

The shepherd left his hungry flock,
  Regardless of their danger,
In hopes to find a finer stock
  Beside a well-fill'd manger.
The golden calf is worship'd still
  By many a Christian Pagan,
Even gospel clerks, in pulpit robes,
  Kneel down and worship Dagon.

* * * * * * *

One year elapsed, and Beech Ridge was again visited by one of those hungry wolves, clothed in sheep's garments, that prowl about, seeking whom they may devour. The person in question was a smart, intelligent, and apparently pious young man, bearing the assumed cognomen of Georgius Aristarchus Glendinning.

He presented a number of counterfeit credentials as to his superior ability and character, and consequently succeeded in effecting an engagement to preach for six months, on trial. A liberal subscription was raised; Bible classes, prayer meetings, and Sabbath schools were immediately established, and new vigour was instilled into the very core of a dormant, and almost extinguished Christianity. Old and young of both sexes became animated to enthusiasm, and a grand revival was apparent. The following questions and others from the Bible were given to the young, weekly, for solution:

Who was King David's mother?

Who was Moses' second wife?

Who sailed in the second ark?

What animal did Noah take into the ark but never took out?

What patriarch deceived his father through the want of sight, and was deceived by his father-in-law for the want of light?

Such novelties in devotional exercise excited general curiosity, and effected quite a revolution in the mysteries of the sacred volume, whose pages were throughly investigated; even old bibles on which the dust of years had gathered were brought into immediate service—all of which, seemed to indicate that the day of Pentecost had come—that the Holy Spirit had descended upon the

devoted souls of a chosen people—and that a new era had dawned upon our desecrated church.

The young preacher became at once the star of the pulpit, and the *soular* orb of his celestial satellites. He was lauded, honoured, and feasted to satiety. Every *belle* rang in praise of his manly beauty and moral excellence—many of whom, as if tempered by the spirit of inspiration, indulged largely in the virtue of fascination, and clerical alliance. But at length rumour began to show its virus tongue, and to censure his previous character. A meeting was immediately held, and after a thorough investigation, nothing unfavourable to him could be proved. The rumour had originated by a person who had been visiting in the neighbourhood, but had left previous to the meeting.

At this juncture, the preacher having received his salary, and feeling apprehensive of a further revelation of character, resolved to leave as soon as possible.

Next morning he borrowed a horse and sleigh from Mr. Struthers—the person he boarded with—on pretence of visiting a sick woman, a few miles distant, promising to return at mid-day. The stated hour arrived, and three additional hours passed, but his reverence had not returned. Suspicion became excited, and Mr. S. immediately started in quest of him. He drove directly to the person's house referred to, and was informed that the preacher had not been there; he, however, followed in pursuit—traced him to St. Martine—thence up the Chateauguay River. Having procured a warrant of arrest from Squire Brodie of North Georgetown, accompanied by a bailiff, he followed in further pursuit, and reached Durham Village at the eleventh hour, having gone a distance of twenty-five miles. Observing light in a hotel, they entered and made enquiry,

and was informed by the innkeeper that a person answering the description given was there. They were immediately ushered into an adjoining room, where his holy reverence was seated in the midst of a half-dozen of merry topers, rioting in the revelry of a Bacchanalian banquet, singing at full chorus Burns' celebrated song—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut." Strange metamorphosis indeed.—Saturday night and the preacher rioting abroad,—an angel of saints converted at once into a fiend of *spirits*—a star, too, of the first magnitude, and the brightest in his constellation. But when at the altitude of his glory he was suddenly eclipsed, and his moonshine collapsed into shadow, and he could sing no longer—

"Yon is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie."

He was instantly apprehended and taken back to Squire Brodie's; and at the solemn hour of night was arraigned at the bar of justice.

"Gentlemen," said he arising to address the court, "I am charged with the indictment of horse-stealing. I am not guilty, nor can you prove that I am; I only borrowed the horse, and although inevitable circumstances prevented me from returning at the stated hour, that is no reason why I should be either apprehended or condemned. But, gentlemen, I tell you what I shall do, and it is more than the law of justice can compel me to do: I shall, as a gentleman, pay all expenses, and give my friend here five dollars for the use of his horse, and a cypher for his trouble, on condition that I be liberated and that he shall safely convey me back to Beech Ridge, as I have important business to settle there; and that he shall hereby promise to conceal, henceforth and

forever the events of this night, which, if made public, would become ruinous to my reputation. But if these liberal considerations are rejected, I will allow the law to take its course, and challenge you to do your best."

After a legal consideration of the case, the proffered terms were accepted, and Glendinning and Mr. S. started on their homeward journey.

Sabbath morning had again dawned npon the earth—the last Sabbath of the expiring year—a theme productive of solemn thought. The solar orb was gleaming over the snowy realm, apparently reluctant to approach the frozen world. Our family had just partaken of their morning meal, when Glendinning and Mr. S. drove up to our door; the former entered—the latter continued his way homeward. We had heard of the projected rumour occasioned by his supposed runaway, etc., but believing all to be of the stamp of falsehood, we rejected them, and at the time he entered, were preparing for church.

"Well, my Christian friends," said he, "I suppose you are aware that I have been accused of another evil."

"I have heard," said my father, "that you had left your lodgings in a rather mysterious manner—but what of the truth?"

"My Christian friends," said he, "yesterday I borrowed a horse from Mr. S. on purpose to visit a Mrs. Mickie, of St. Martine, who was supposed to be dying, and to administer spiritual consolation to her departing soul; other business prolonged my stay—consequently, I was pursued as a robber, hunted down as a pirate, and now am brought as a sheep to the slaughter. But the Lord knoweth my innocence. Deliver me from mine enemies, O God, and defend me from them who rise up against me."

His plausible statement and Christian-like appearance, at once recommended him more favourably to us. Breakfast was prepared for him, before and after which, he addressed his Maker with a most eloquent and appropriate grace and benediction.

Said he to my father, "I have a sermon prepared for to-day's service; but I request of you to furnish me with a text appropriate to my case, and I shall preach therefrom."

My father gave him Psalm 34, verse 19. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

He accompanied us to church,—obtained an interview with the elders present—after which, he mounted the rostrum with pious steps, every eye gazing upon him. The incidents of the previous day had been widely circulated, but nothing evidently had been ascertained.

He then arose, with saint-like reverence, and gave a very feasible statement of the affair, accompanied by a most eloquent and ingenious defence.

The first five verses of the 109th Psalm having been sung, he offered up a very touching appeal to the court of heavenly justice. The given text was then read, and from it he produced a sublimely eloquent and affecting sermon, which acted as a magnet upon the hearts of his audience, even of those of the most hardened, and caused the fountains of the soul to issue from the eyes of many a sainted matron and maid.

On the following day a meeting was held, to investigate further into the incidents that had occurred—Mr. S. and Glendinning were present. In the course of the proceedings, the latter very abruptly accused the former of duplicity—and want of prudence; whereupon Mr. S. unveiled the

facts of the mysterious affair, and accordingly the members, as with one voice condemned the preacher as an impostor—and infernal vagabond, and even threatened to tar and feather him, unless he would make an immediate exit from the church and neighbourhood.

My father had but newly returned from the meeting when no less a personage than Glendinning made his appearance at our house.

"I have come," said he, on entering, "to pay you my last visit, and take a final farewell of you all."

We acted civilly with him, but showed no very favourable countenance. My father addressed him for some time, interspersing his remarks with rebuke and council, which apparently affected him almost to tears, and produced symptoms of a penitent heart. He at length arose to depart; my father inquired where he intended going to. "Ah," said he, "I know not whither to go—I am a stranger in a strange land—a weary pilgrim of the earth, homeless and friendless—and, Cain-like, branded with the stamp of my own iniquity. However, I purpose going to St. Martine, to-night, thence to Montreal; but, I assure you, dear friends, I feel so exhausted and paralysed by what has occurred, that I fear I am unable to perform my journey to-night: will you, then, as a friend to suffering humanity, convey me, with your horse, to St. Martine—or, at least, a part of the way?"

My father, willing, no doubt, to get rid of him, assented thereto; but as the evening was stormy, and he somewhat unwell at the time, my mother suggested that I should go instead of him. Horse and sleigh were soon in readiness, and having comfortably muffled ourselves, we started off at good speed. At his request I conveyed him to the village of St. Martine, being a distance of seven miles. I entered

a hotel with him, to warm myself, before attempting to return. No sooner had we entered, than he called for two glasses of liquor. He emptied the one, and handed me the other—I declined, and although he discussed at great length the merits of the liquor, and repeatedly attempted to convince me of the necessity of drinking to keep out the cold, I sternly refused, even to taste thereof. It was then dark—the night was cold and somewhat stormy, and I was making ready to leave, when, with the siren voice of the serpent fiend, he solicited me to accompany him to the house of a Captain Wright, who resided, he said, only about a mile distant up the river. "He is," said he, "a familiar friend of mine; we will get tea there, and the horse fed, and, then, my dear boy, you will be enabled to glide homeward at post haste. It is early in the evening yet—the distance is not far—say that we go." I hesitated a few moments, but at length yielded, and we started—following the river road, which, being somewhat good, we soon glided over a few miles instead of one; and after all, never was fortunate enough to discover the captain's residence. I was at that time a stranger to the place and people. I made several inquiries of him respecting the nearness of the house; but through my simplicity, and the preacher's policy, I was deceived, and induced to drive so far—he ever and anon remarking, as if in mockery of my ignorance, "only a little further." Minister's miles are much longer than other people's, said I to myself, and drove on a short distance further; when, feeling extremely cold, and believing myself to be imposed upon, I resolved to go no further, and purposed driving up to a house that stood on the bank of the river, and get warmed.

"Remain you here for a moment," said he, "and I will

run up and make inquiry. I know we are in the vicinity of the captain's house—therefore, there is no necessity of stopping twice." Reluctantly I assented. In a few minutes he returned, and informed me that the house was farther on—that the captain and family were absent on a visit—therefore, said he, we have no alternative but to return to St. Martine. I immediately turned my horse, Glendinning seated himself, and we began to retrace our course. "Now my dear little fellow," said he, in a tone of kindness, "I assure you, I feel sorry that I have given you so much trouble; but I will amply reward your kindness." "But," continued he, "the night is so intensely cold, I am afraid you will get frost-bitten,—do creep under the robes and get warmed; I shall drive, and in less than no time we will have reached the village."

I was again simple enough to acquiesce with his request, and soon discovered, by the motion of the sleigh that the preacher was a *fast* driver, as well as a *fast* young man. Occasionally I poked out my head, and inquired if we were near the village: "Just at it," was the repeated reply. At length believing myself to be wretchedly befooled, and apparently going further into mysterious labyrinths, I resumed my seat, determined that should we not reach St. Martine in a few minutes, I would drive up to some house and make inquiry. But just at that moment I observed two men walking at a short distance before us. "Let us enquire of those men," said I, "where we are, and at what distance from St. Martine." "There is no necessity," he replied, "I can see the village,—see there it is," —and therewith he applied the whip to the horse, and in an instant we were past them. Irritated almost to madness, I sprang forward and caught hold of the reins, that were

still in his hands, and shouted to the men to come up. He, however, attempted to frustrate my efforts; but very determinedly I held fast, and after a desperate attempt, succeeded in arresting the speed of the horse.

"Gentlemen," said I, as they bounded forward, "please tell me where we are, and what distance from St. Martine."

"You are on the River Chateauguay, between north and south Georgetown, and seven miles from St. Martine," said one of them.

"Eight miles," added the other.

"Eight miles!" said I, amazedly, "it cannot possibly be so; I thought we were nearly at the village."

"My good fellows," said one of them, "if you continue in the direction you are going, you will never reach St. Martine, until you have gone directly around the world."

"As fast as ye hae been driving, I think ye'll hardly get roun' the night, but sma' wheels, like fast chaps, gang the fastest, sae ye'd better be gaun," exclaimed the other, in a rough tone of the Scotch dialect.

I thought that either the men were tipsy, or that they believed us to be so—apparently the latter, as they left us abruptly, laughing in their sleeve at the idea of us going to St. Martine by going from it.

Glendinning immediately shouted after them, and inquired, how near we were to Captain Wright's or Peter McArthur's. "You have passed Captain Wright's," said one, "but the first house before you is McArthur's."

"Weel, ye'd better jist follow us, as we are gaun there; an' we'll sune see what sort o' chaps ye are," said the other.

"This is rather a mysterious affair," said Glendinning to me. "We came up the river from St. Martine, and then directed our course towards it; how, in the name of good-

ness, then, can it be that we are going from it; the men must be fooling us; I think it better to drive on. I know we are near St. Martine."

"I will go no further than the next house, until I know that we are going in the right direction," said I; and resuming our course we soon arrived at the house. We entered, accompanied by the two young men. A number of young folks were present, apparently an evening party. Mr. McArthur—the master of the house—was playing a lively tune on the violin, and all appeared to be enjoying themselves. He was a fine looking man of about sixty years of age, his grey locks were waving loosely around a head highly intellectual; and his face, as an index, told that he was a perfect paragon of good nature and social intercourse. Mrs. McArthur was seemingly a shrewd, active, and kind-hearted woman.

Mr. McArthur came forward, and very politely received us as strangers.

"Mr. McArthur, how are you?" said Glendinning, shaking hands with him, and affecting the highest politeness of etiquette.

"Well, my dear sir, you have the advantage in knowing me—but, really, I do not recognize you."

"Why! my dear Mr. McArthur, I am Mr. Alonza Hallowdell, the identical person who had the honour of calling upon you some three months ago, whilst in search of a school in this district."

"Oh! it is you, Mr. Hallowdell; I now recognize your countenance; but I assure you, that you have improved in your appearance since. How have you succeeded in other parts as teacher?"

"Oh, very well, sir; only the pay is somewhat indifferent.

But the majority of the people in country districts have not yet learned to appreciate the virtues of education and the merits of the school teacher."

"True, Mr. Hallowdell; decidedly true, sir."

I observed that Mrs. McArthur eyed him very minutely, and at this instant she stepped forward and inquired if he had taught school at Dewittville.

"Well, ma'am, I did, a short time," he hesitatingly drawled out in an under tone.

"Were you acquainted with my son, Peter McArthur, who resides there?"

"Not personally, ma'am," he sharply replied.

"Allow me the liberty of asking you if ever you received a watch from him to repair?"

"Never—madam—never!"

"You are certainly mistaken, sir,—I saw you there, sir; and now recognize you to be the identical person who received my son's watch to repair it, and then ran off with it—and the chain you have with you, sir, is the very one that was then attached to the watch."

"Madam, do you really mean to insult me impertinently with false accusations, and insinuate that I am a liar, a thief, and a runaway?"

"I am personally acquainted with the circumstances connected with the watch, and from what I have seen and heard of your conduct and character, I believe you to be nothing better than a liar, a swindler, and a vagabond."

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara! for goodness' sake silence your tongue," exclaimed Mr. McArthur.

"Give up the watch, sir, and the other watches and jewellery you ran off with, and go home to your mistress and child," she exclaimed.

"By h——, I will not stand such insolent impertinence, and be insulted in this manner by either man or woman," ejaculated the preacher, resuming a wrathful attitude.

"Hush, hush," said Mr. McArthur, interrupting him, and, calming his own voice to a softness of melody, he began to sing cheerily—

Never mind what woman says,
Be it wrang or ill,
Kisses on her pouting lips,
Mak her blyther still ;
Never mind her girnin bark,
Be it loud or lang,
Woman has a loving heart,
Covers a' her wrang.
Then never mind what she may say,
She maun hae her will,
She'll rue it a' some ither day,
An' gie ye then yer ain bit way,
Be it guid or ill.
Press her syren coral lips—
Flatter her wi' love ;
Gentle zephyrs then will blaw
As frae realms above.
Touch the rosy lips again,
Press them closer still,
Then wi' sweet seraphic strains.
Soul and heart will fill,
But her wild an' random tongue,
Be it loud or ill,
Has a charm for auld and young—
Gin her charms are praised and sung,
But she's woman still.

"Now, Mr. Hallowdell," said McArthur, "it is customary with us at New Year times to have some liquor to treat

our visitors with: will you tak a dram o' guid Scotch whisky with me?"

"Certainly, I will sir," said Glendinning, assuming a brighter aspect.

Meanwhile Mrs. McArthur took me into another room to give me some refreshment; and there inquired of me "who I was,"—"whence I came"—and "whither I was going." I told her the circumstances connected therewith. "Ah! the monster of iniquity that he is," she exclaimed, and instantly called forward her husband,—to whom she related what I had told her. "Get this boy's horse attended to," said she, "and he will remain over night with us, or assuredly that vagabond will impose further upon him, perhaps murder him, and run off with his horse."

Mr. McArthur sympathized.

"Now, Barbara," said he, "I desire of you to keep silent about the watch, and I assure you I will have the rascal in safe keeping before long." He then called forward a young man, a son of Squire Brodie, his next neighbour, and inquired of him were his father at home.

"He is not, sir," replied the young man. "Well, then, said he, "go you and tell the bailiff and Sandy Williamson to come here immediately, as I desire to see them on pressing business; and when they have reached the house notify me, and I shall go out and consult with them for a few minutes before they enter."

In accordance therewith, James Brodie immediately departed. I returned to the other apartment, where a Scotch reel was being danced to the merry music of the violin in the hands of Glendinning, *alias* Hallowdell. It was music indeed, such as the rustic ear is seldom greeted with; rich variegated tones, full of inspiration and life,

leaped forth with vibratory motion, as if some weird-like fingers were sporting fantastically upon the golden chords of a fairy harp.

"Well done," shouted McArthur, "that deserves a jolly bumper."

Having emptied his glass, he requested McArthur to favor him with a tune so that he might try a few of his juvenile steps; and, springing to the floor, he commenced to dance. By what name shall I term his motions? not the common hop-stamp and shuffle of the rustic clod-hopper; no, but it was the very poetry of motion, a "tripping on the light, fantastic toe," accompanied by a variety of gestures and gyrations, that would have carried away in triumph the laurels of a Parisian dancing-master.

"Well done," exclaimed McArthur, "that, indeed, deserves another dram." He was also loudly applauded by the company.

A song was then requested from him. Having cleared away the dusty cob-webs from the corners of his windpipe with another good swig of Bacchus, he sung most beautifully—"The Lass o' Gowrie" and several others,—which electrified the audience with a highly agreeable sensation.

He was, indeed, the magnet star of the evening—and the brightest Hesperus among encircling satellites.

Like the vane upon the summit of the spire, he could vary his position to the current of whatever atmosphere of society he was in; and that night he was the glorious caterer of the fun and frolic. But even amid the flowers of revelry there may be a thorn. The poetry of the festive hour may be suddenly played out, and long, indeed, must that sentence be that has no period to its end.

Glendinning was gloriously entertaining his audience with his superb masterpiece, in the shape of a grand melodramatic comedy, which brought out roars of laughter and luxuriant applause—when at that moment the door was opened, and Messrs. Williamson and bailiff entered, causing the glorious bubble of the festal carnival to collapse suddenly. Mr. McArthur had unobservedly gone out as purposed, and consulted as what was best to be done.

"I will act as constable," said the bailiff, and Mr. Williamson will assume the responsive authority and dignity of a judge, and we'll give the villain the merits of a mock trial, and then his choice to either give up the watch or take a swing on the end of the Lynch law.

McArthur and Williamson agreed, however, to test him by the virtue of the trial, and forthwith they prepared themselves to act.

When they had entered, the bailiff, with a document in hand, and well armed with pistol and bludgeon, and assuming the portly stride of a Sir John Falstaff, walked boldly up to Glendinning, and in the name of Queen Victoria, arrested him as his lawful prisoner.

Glendinning appeared, at first, to be petrified with surprise and horror; but, regaining his strength, he attempted, but in vain, to extricate himself from the sturdy grip of the bailiff.

"I command you to sit down, sir," said Williamson, in the gruff, surly tones of a portly squire.

Glendinning therewith became seated before the solemn presence of the assumed magistrate;—and the court was opened.

"Sir," said the judge, "you are charged with being guilty of theft—that of stealing a watch from Peter

McArthur, of Dewitville—at least, obtaining it under false pretences, and then carrying it off with you on leaving the place. Are you guilty, or not guilty, sir?"

"I am not guilty," Glendinning contemptuously replied; and continued, "your charge is false, absurdly false, and I can prove it to be so;—a gross imposition upon honesty and innocence; a family compact formed for the selfish purpose of annihilating the dignity of a gentleman of honour, and ruining his reputation as a public personage: and with the consciousness and confidence of my innocence, I repeat the assertion, I am not guilty."

Mr. McArthur then gave marks of identification, and stated that he had bought the watch for his son—the chain attached thereto he had had in his possession for twenty years.

The watch was then produced, and answered the description given.

"Now, sir," said the judge, "so far, the case is against you. What do you now say in behalf of your innocence?"

"Gentlemen," said he, "to advance arguments in evidence of truth at this unseasonal moment, would be like throwing stones into a puddle hole—they would at once become invisible upon the polluted surface of your minds; and to advance them, will be voluntary on my part. But, as a mark of honour, and a plea in behalf of innocence, I will state the truth, and nothing but the uncovered truth.

"Whilst teaching at Dewitville, I cleaned and repaired several time-pieces—a gratuitous favour on my part, Peter McArthur's being one of them. He desired me to repair it, and keep it in my possession until I was certain it would run true with time. But, having occasion to leave home for a few weeks, I gave in pledge thereof a superior gold watch

of my own. I am now so far on my way homewards, and assure you, my intention was to deliver up the watch, and, at my return, obtain my own."

These were feasible statements, indeed, but not of sufficient merit to satisfy Mrs. McArthur. "We have heard your own statement," said the judge, "it may be true, or it may not; it will therefore be necessary to detain you under our jurisdiction until other evidence is produced."

"Hang him at once," exclaimed the bailiff, "he richly deserves it. Last Saturday night I arrested him for horse stealing, and in behalf of his plea for innocence, he obtained his liberty; to-night he is arrested for watch-stealing. I assure you, gentlemen, he is a dangerous character to be out of jail. In his very countenance I behold a villain of the deepest dye."

"Sir," ejaculated Glendinning, "I was not aware before, that my countenance, like a mirror, had the quality of reflecting objects that are presented before it; therefore the villain you behold in my face must be that of yourself."

"Silence, you impertinent scoundrel, or I will send you to the shades of oblivion in a jiffey," retorted the bailiff, flourishing his cudgel.

"Order, order," cried the judge.

"Peace and justice," said McArthur.

"Tar and feather him; ride him on a rail; and then lynch him without mercy," exclaimed the bailiff, assuming a stern countenance of wrath and resolution.

It produced an immediate effect. Glendinning, believing himself to be in danger of savage treatment, and subjected to another tribunal and its unfavourable consequences, arose and very politely addressed the court, apologizing

for his abrupt remarks, occasionally appealing to the sympathies of the judge, and finally wound up with the following proposition—looking as crest-fallen as a culprit upon the gallows stage:

"Gentlemen, as an humble petitioner at the door of mercy, I appeal to your sympathies for permission to enter therein—to lay upon the tablets of your hearts my innocence in the act with which I am charged. Restore me my liberty to-night, and I will place the watch into the hands of the judge, who will restore it to the lawful owner, on condition that mine will be returned likewise."

This was universally agreed to; but Mrs. McArthur suggested that he should be sent a season to the Queen's boarding-school at Kingston.

It was now the hour of midnight—and the company were beginning to depart. I resolved to go also, knowing that my parents would be waiting anxiously my return. Contrary to the wishes of my benefactors, I started on my long and perilous journey. The night was intensely cold—the wind had drifted the road badly, and the snows were whirling in fearful eddies around me. At the hour of seven on the following morning I arrived home, exhausted, and almost perished. My parents had sat up all night watching in deep solicitude my return, and almost frantic with the apprehension that I had either been foully dealt with, or had perished in the snows.

Before I take a final leave of my hero, it is necessary to relate a few additional incidents of his career previous to my adventure with him.

His original name was George Augustus Leavenworth. He was a native of Great Britain, a scion of an illustrious family, and educated at the Dublin University. He was

naturally wild and adventurous; and, to crown the chivalry of his voluptuous spirit, made an elopement with the beautiful daughter of a wealthy merchant, and in the course of a few weeks landed at the city of New York. Having travelled over a considerable part of the United States, they finally arrived at Montreal,—destitute of the means to convey them back to their native shores. Finding no genteel employment in the city, they removed to Lachine, where he became tutor to the family of Sir George Simpson; but, having forfeited his honour whilst there, they somewhat mysteriously disappeared; eventually, they found their way to the village of Dewitville, where he engaged for one year as a common school teacher; but in less than three months he abruptly absconded, carrying off with him several watches, jewellery, &c, and fifty dollars of prepaid salary, leaving behind him his lonely, heart-broken lady and child, to the mercies of a pitiless world. Assuming the name of Hallowdell, he had the audacity to try to obtain a school in the neighbouring district of North Georgetown; and thereby became slightly acquainted with Peter McArthur and Captain Wright, respectable men of the neighbourhood.

Meeting with no success there, he went directly to Montreal, and called upon the Rev. Dr. M——. Assuming all the reverence and sanctified appearance of a Christian, he informed him that he was a collegiate of the Edinburgh University—had lately come to Canada—that his aspirations were still for the ministry; and requested his assistance, by which means, he might be enabled to complete his studies. The Rev. Dr., noted for his charitable spirit and liberality, gave him ten dollars, and an order upon a clothing establishment for a complete suit of broadcloth—and

directed him to go to Beech Ridge, where he might find profitable employment as a school-teacher and spiritual leader to the people who were then destitute of a minister. The pious pupil very respectfully thanked the Rev. Dr. for his donation and kindness, promising to return the compliment as soon as possible, and departed. A few days afterwards he made his appearance at Beech Ridge, under the classical cognomen of Georgius Aristarchus Glendinning.

Some of the events of his career, whilst there, my readers have been made acquainted with; the final adventures remain now to be told.

During his residence at Beech Ridge, he had formed an acquaintance with a Miss Elliotson—a sprightly maiden of nineteen summers. His familiar intercourse with her produced the first unfavourable impressions of his character. They had finally agreed to make an elopement as soon as circumstances would permit. His motive in visiting St. Martine and Durham, with Mr. S——'s horse, was, to try to obtain money by counterfeit orders. But the parties at Durham being absent, he was induced to make another effort at the time he made me the victim of his duplicity. How he deceived me on the river I know not, unless by turning round at a wide circle upon the ice whilst I was under the robes. His design, no doubt, was to take me to Durham that night, obtain the money, if possible, and thence return with me to Beech Ridge, in order to complete his purposes within as short a limit of time as possible. How he suceeeded in his money orders, I know not; but one thing is certain enough—and that is, he had the audacity to pay another visit to Beech Ridge.

On the evening of the Thursday after my adventure up the Chateauguay, we observed a gentleman and lady on

foot, coming on the highway towards our house. We conjectured whom they might be, and began hurriedly to adjust things that were out of order in the house, in case they were evening visitors. But, as they approached, we were exceedingly surprised on recognizing them to be the real persons of Glendinning and Miss Elliotson. They, however passed on. They were indeed a handsome couple, and from exterior appearance might be considered as belonging to the *elite* of fashionable society.

One hour afterwards we observed another person coming on the highway—apparently either distracted, or behind his time, as he was running in great haste; confusedly and without ceremony, he entered our house, and desired to know if we had seen the Scotch minister and a lady pass that afternoon. We informed him in the affirmative; and, without either shutting the door, or saying "good bye," he departed at full leap, continuing his course.

This person was none other than Solomon Culberry—a school-teacher in the eastern district of Beech Ridge, where Miss Elliotson resided.

Previous to the time, when Glendinning made his first appearance at Beech Ridge, Solomon had expressed his affection for the young lady; and obtained her consent in marriage, which they purposed to consummate at the New Year holidays. But her love for poor Solomon was like the dew that glistens in the moonshine, and vanishes at the sunlight. A new "light" had suddenly burst upon her vision, and, like the insect that flutters around the taper, she was allured by the dazzling and enchanting beams. To her, the pulpit appeared to assume a more exalted and dignified position than the teacher's desk, and the preacher assuredly preferable to the dominie—consequently, there was "a change of heart," and a revival of the spirit.

On the evening referred to, Solomon having ascertained that she had gone off with the minister, started immediately in hot pursuit—determined either to carry her off by force, or give the preacher a smell of the "birch rod."

Desirous of seeing the consequence, I immediately followed. Having ascertained to what house they had gone, I directed my steps thither, and entered. Music and dancing were being rapidly carried on by a number of young folks convened to celebrate the New Year, among whom, I beheld Glendinning, Miss Elliotson and Culberry. The two former, very gracefully, were dancing, and seemingly enjoying themselves:—whilst the latter was peering around the edge of the room door with the eye of revenge and jealousy, as bewildered like as if he had been swallowed by an earthquake, and vomited by a volcano,—and looking as sour as if the thunders of Jupiter had curdled his blood into buttermilk. When the next group was being formed for a cotillion, Solomon stepped forward to Miss Elliotson, and solicited her to be his partner in the dance. She refused—he repeated his request, and she ordered him to be gone.

Sharp words ensued—whereupon Glendinning interfered, calling him an ignoramus of vulgarity to insult his lady in such a manner.

"Your lady" exclaimed Solomon, "I deny it—your assertion is as false as h—l. She is my property, and legally I claim her to be as such."

"Impertinent villain, I command thee to be gone. Landlord, take this man under charge—he is grossly mad—a fugitive from an asylum, at large."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Solomon, "I desire to explain matters.

"Chain him, chain him," shouted Glendinning, "he is possessed of a devil; chain him, chain him, or he will conjure up a legion of furies from the pit, around us."

"Ladies and gentlemen; I say, ladies and gentlemen, I desire to be heard," reiterated Solomon. "This lady promised to be my bride—but this imposterous villain has attempted to seduce her, and thereby abrogate my claim; but I challenge him to do his worst—I shall have her though I should die in the attempt," and suiting the action to the word, he seized hold of her, and attempted to carry her off,—but was intercepted in his flight by Glendinning seizing hold of her also, and pulling in the opposite direction, exclaiming in revengeful fury: "Vilest of monsters, I command thee to be gone. Villain, unclasp thy hands, or I will strike thee dead."

"Oh! murder! murder! murder!" shouted the lady, struggling with spasmodic horror, to extricate herself, and screeching, as if upon the precipice of the bottomless pit, and the devils dragging her towards its verge; world of wonders! what an uproar; the confusion of chaos and the din of babel:—some were excited to the hoarsest roars of laughter, a few shouting for "fair play," the landlord, for "order;" others rushing to the rescue, whilst the affrighted females were dashing wildly out of the room, as if the house were falling in flames about them, and believing that Solomon had actually gone mad.

Glendinning struck at his antagonist, who artfully dogged the blow, and retaliated: a ferocious scuffle ensued, in the midst of which the besieged heroine effected her escape.

The two heroes then more desperate than ever, continued the contest—

Wild and furious grew the battle,
Blows were dealt with deadly ire,
Which on pate and pelt did rattle;
Whilst their eyes seem'd globes of fire.
Fierce revenge with jealous eye,
Seem'd resolved to win or die.

At length the serious affray was brought to a close, by the interposition of those present—neither of the parties, however were much hurt.

"I say, shentlemans," said a sensible old Highlander, an eye-witness to the whole affair, "Hear me, shentlemans, I pe tell you, shentlemans 'tis pe inpecoming for shentlemans of your cloth to pe fight and pox like the pultog. Well, I say, shentemans, pring the lady pefore ye, let her pe tae shudge hersel, what mans she pe for, and what shentleman she pe shoose, let her pe take that shentleman, and let that shentleman pe take her."

The others present urged this proposition, as the only means of settling the affair, and in accordance therewith, the lady was ferried out, and brought within the presence of her valiant lovers.

The question was put to her, "which of the two she desired to go with?"

"With the minister," she whispered. "Speak louder, that all present may hear," said Glendinning.

"With the minister," she exclaimed.

"With the blackguard," retorted Solomon, "then my curse be upon thee and thy children." And like a maniac in his madness, he departed, repeating the words of King Solomon—"I find more bitter than death, the woman

whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands. Whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her, but the sinner shall be taken by her."

The fun and frolic were again resumed, and continued until the distant hours of night. Next morning, Glendinning engaged a French *habitant*, for the sum of five dollars, to convey himself and lady to Montreal, a distance of thirty miles. On the evening of that day they arrived at the city, and took lodgings in a respectable hotel. As it was then too late in the day for the *habitant* to start homewards, Glendinning desired him to remain there over night;—that he would settle with him in the morning, and be accountable for his expenses also. "Eat, drink, and be merry," said he, "I know you are an honourable sort of Frenchman, and should be liberally dealt with." He then ordered the innkeeper to furnish the *habitant* with whatever he desired, in the shape of drinks and eatables, and that he would settle the bill in the morning.

The *habitant*, believing Glendinning to be an honourable gentleman of distinction, agreed thereto, consequently he resolved to indulge his appetite freely for one night, and be a gentleman also, for once in his life. Supper, brandy, cigars, champagne, &c., were his bill of fare for the evening; and after a lengthened and luxuriant indulgence, he retired to roost, imagining himself to be on the top step of the ladder of fashionable society—and with the pleasant anticipations of what he could tell his wife and family at his return, he fell asleep.

Glendinning gave his name to the innkeeper, as the Rev. Charles Sacherfield, from Canada West, and desired a comfortable room for himself and lady, as they purposed to stay a few days in town.

Night passed away, morning came, and the varied life of the city was again aroused into action. The *habitant*, awoke from his peaceful slumbers, and the golden dreams of his happy spirit. Having partaken of breakfast, and swallowed a good bumper of brandy "cocktail," he began to look around for the Rev. gentlemen, in order to get his pay, and depart for home; but neither the gentleman nor lady was to be found within the precincts of the building, nor had they occupied their room during that night—their travelling bag was also gone. This was enough. The poor *habitant*, conscious of being duped, and apprehensive of worse results, slipped out to the stable, harnessed his horse, and was about to sneak off, when the innkeeper sallied out, seized hold of the horse, and demanded the Frenchman to settle his bill.

"Dat mans promees to pay vous; me got no munnah; nor me got no bissness neider pour pay vous, massar."

"You must pay, sir; and I'll show you 'tis my business to make you settle your account."

"Well, monsieur, me got no munnah, no freu, no credit, no nutting."

"I don't care a d——— for that; I must, and will be paid."

"Oh, monsieur, me poor mans, monsieur, me poor Frensmans, but me promees for sure me pay vous te first time me come here, for sure, masser, me pay vou."

"I want none of your d——— peasoup excuses, or promises," and, calling upon the hostler, a fat-blooded Englishman, he ordered him to stable the horse immediately, and keep a sharp "look out" to that Canuck Frenchman.

"Oh, monsieur, monsieur, ayez pitie de moi; je suis honnète et vous paierai dix fois autant."

"You blasted scoundrel that you are, I want none of your impertinence and Canuck lingo; go hunt up your dirty trash of hungry humbugs, that you shouldered upon me last evening. But, sir, I shall make you pay dearly yet, for your impostors, and your impositions upon me; foot your bill, sir, or off with you immediately."

The poor *habitant*, finding it useless to expostulate further, went off with a heavy heart, and the tears trickling from his eyelids.

During three successive hours he traversed the streets, but was not fortunate enough to get a sight of either his "gentleman" or "lady." Irritated and down-hearted, he then left the city, and arrived home at midnight, having travelled the greater part of the way on foot. He related the whole affair to his wife, but received in return nothing more than a curtain lecture, spiced and seasoned and served up in the French style. Having obtained sufficient money to meet the demands, he hastened back to the city, and had to pay for his supper, breakfast, brandy, champagne, cigars, &c., the feed and lodging of his horse, and lost the five dollars he was to get from the minister also.

The future history of Glendinning is still a mystery to me. He may have seen into the error of his ways and repented, and may be occupying now some high and honourable position in the world; or, perchance, he may be an inmate of some penitentiary or lunatic asylum. What I have related of him is undeniably true—the greater part of which came under my own actual observation; nor have I told all; but I have told sufficient to show that he was an intelligent impostor, an ingenious liar, and a polished scoundrel.

TALE IV.

LUCY BRIGHTON, THE LOST GIRL.

A lonely orphan, clad in rags,
A homeless wanderer of the woods.
Oh, Heaven, protect her from the ills
That haunt those solitudes!

Covey-Hill, famed for its huckleberries, lake, and unfathomed gulf, is situated in the County of Huntingdon, C.E., and adjoins a portion of the frontier of York State. It occupies a space of about five miles in length by three or four in breadth, and rises by gradation about 1100 ft. from the level of the base: the summit thereof may be estimated at about 1300 ft. above the level of the River St. Lawrence. The ascent on the north-east side, though rather abrupt, is, notwithstanding, easy of access, but on the east is more gradual; whilst on the west, it extenuates into a ridge of high land, that intersects the townships of Franklin and Hinchinbrooke. On its south-eastern side is a considerable extent of flat rock, chiefly covered with huckle-plants, the fruit of which, hundreds of bushels are taken annually to Montreal and sold. In the midst of this field of rock is a small beautiful lake, easy of access; a short distance therefrom is a long deep chasm, called the gulf, the one side of which, is a steep embankment of shattered and shelving rock, whilst that of the other is a perpendi-

cular wall, assuming the most perfect mason work, and rising to the height of over 200 feet from the water. It is, indeed, quite a natural curiosity, and hundreds of people visit it annually. It is apparently the work of some volcanic agency, perchance the crater of an extinct volcano. From the top of this hill can be clearly distinguished "Mount Royal," and others, and a most commanding view of the surrounding country.

In the beginning of the present century it was settled by American squatters, from the adjoining State. It received its name from one "Covey," its first settler, from the borders of Lake Champlain. He was then a young man, well inured to the hardships of a forest life. Having married a young hardy girl of his own neighbourhood, he felt desirous of procuring a home for himself and wife. Each shouldering an axe, gun, knapsack, &c., started on snow-shoes, in the depth of winter, traversed forty-five miles of the dense forest, and on the summit of this hill, resolved to make their abode.

> A hut of bark was all their home,
> Encircled by a world of wood ;
> Their neighbouring friends, the beasts that roam,—
> Whose skins were clothes, whose flesh were food,
> Hoping for better times to come,
> They lived in happy solitude.

Shortly afterwards several other squatters became their neighbours, and in the course of a few years, several settlements branched off—extending north-eastward to the furthest extremity of Beech Ridge, westward, through Franklin and Hinchinbrooke ; northward, to the English River and Chateauguay. The early settlers lived chiefly by hunting, cutting, and rafting oak timbers, &c. Scarcely

a remnant remains now of those early pioneers of the forest, among the last of whom were James Duncan and wife,* of the village of Chrysostom, at which place they died only a short time ago, having lived over fifty years together in the married state. The place of which he was the first settler was for many years known by the name of Duncanville. Afterwards, frequently called Norvalton, in honour of one of the office-bearers of the Seigniory of Beauharnois. But eventually, the French Canadians, becoming numerous about the place, formed the nucleus of a village, and robbed it of its former names, and substituted thereof the saintly cognomen of St. Jean Chrysostome, in honour of John Chrysostom, one of their sainted patriarchs. Mr. Duncan was a man of no ordinary talents—charitable in his disposition, enterprising in spirit, and being of a mechanical genius, erected by his own hands the first saw-mill in this part of the country. He granted to both Papist and Protestant, for church and school purposes, several acres of his village land, and aided many in their early struggles: therefore, he was entitled to the name, and with reverence for his honour, let me urge his right—that his name should be associated with the place of which he was the pioneer, and the propagator of its prosperity. And were it not for the selfish motives of a bigoted fraternity and the monopoly of patrician propagandists, his name would have remained as the exponent of the place. English River was a name given by the early French settlers in the north-eastern district of the Chateauguay. They supposed the Americans who had settled along the banks of the river, to be English—hence the name. As early as the year 1808, a mill was erected at Powaska, now the village of Howick,

* Father and mother-in-law to Robert C. Moore of said place.

but was burnt down by the Yankee soldiers during the war of 1813, at which time many of the American settlers, unwilling to take the oath of British allegiance had abruptly retired to their native State, leaving their land and homesteads to be confiscated, and become the property of British settlers. This effected a new change in the settlements of the place. The early struggles of the forest pioneers would furnish sufficient material for many volumes of local history. But my object at present is to confine my pen to the heroine of this story.

One of the early settlers was Gideon Brighton, a shrewd, ingenious American. He had settled on the northern base of Covey-Hill, on a piece of land, intersected by a small stream— now the property of Mr. Adam Rae—and shortly afterwards erected thereon a grist and saw mill. When the war of 1812 broke out many of the settlers fled back to the States ; only the loyalists and those who had considerable property remained, among whom was Gideon Brighton. The American soldiers invaded that part of country in 1813, made prisoners of those whom they discovered to be American settlers, and burnt their houses to the ground, among whom was Mr. Brighton. They converted his house and mills into ashes, robbed him of his cattle and provisions, &c., and carried him off as a prisoner of war. Mrs. Brighton and her five children were thereby turned adrift upon the world, homeless and destitute. Mr. Brighton had a brother residing at Beech Ridge, a distance of ten miles. Thither she and her young family threaded their way through the wild forest, and there found a temporary home, untouched by the rude hand of the invader. But Mrs. Brighton was not long destined for this world. The sudden shock of reversed circumstances preyed too heavily upon her spirit, and in the course of a few months

she died, and was buried on her own farm, adjacent to the ruins of her former residence. Several others were also interred there; but at present, not a vestige visible remains to tell who they were, and denote their resting place.

One of the first settlers in Edwardstown was an American by the name of Wilson. His residence was adjacent to "Walker's Hill." His wife, unlike the Yankee girls of the present day, was a strong burly bushwoman, and could chop a tree and build a log-heap, equal to the best bushwhacker. In order that she might be enabled better to assist her husband in his forest work, she hired Miss Lucy, eldest daughter of Gideon Brighton, to take charge of her young family. This was shortly after Mrs. Brighton had removed to Beech Ridge. Lucy was a tall graceful girl, in her thirteenth year, and not very favourably constituted for the stern labours of a shanty, and the rigid authority of her mistress. Poor Lucy had been born amid better circumstances,—therefore she felt her present condition the more keenly, and the more so, when, at the death of her mother, she became an orphan. She was naturally meditative—at times visited by a sort of melancholy—perchance the reverie of her spirit over the departed image of her mother, and the unfortunate events of her young life.

One morning, in the spring of 1814, Wilson and his wife repaired to their usual labours, leaving Lucy in charge of the family and housework. Noon came, and they returned to dinner; the children were all alone, and no meal in readiness.

Mrs. Wilson, having punished Lucy that morning, inferred therefrom that she had absconded to her uncle's at Beech Ridge. Anticipating her return before long, no search was made until the third day afterwards. Mrs.

Wilson had by this time almost fretted herself to death on account of her absence from the field. On Sabbath morning, Wilson walked over to Brighton's, but Lucy had neither been seen nor heard of. Messengers were immediately dispatched to every shanty in the neighbourhood, but to no purpose. During all Monday the woods were traversed in search of her, but in vain. Suspicion, with malignant eye, had already rested upon the Wilsons as the perpetrators of a crime, almost too horrible to insinuate. Mrs. Wilson was a woman of fiery passion, and an inadvertent blow in anger might have done the anticipated deed. The uncle's vengeance became at length aroused, and he swore that if no clue to the mystery was discovered within twenty-four hours, he would burn the Wilsons in their lair, and scatter their ashes to the winds. Universal indignation became apparent, and threats of violence against them escaped the lips of others in their presence. The Wilsons, foreseeing their condition as extremely dangerous, evacuated their shanty during the night, and were never afterwards heard of.

Although the search for Lucy was continued for several days, nothing further indicated the prospect of her discovery, and it was generally believed that she had fallen a victim to her tyrannic mistress.

At the close of the war, in the winter of 1815, Mr. Brighton was liberated. Sad, indeed, must have been his feelings, at his return, when he was informed of the unfortunate events of his family. He, however, again constituted a home for himself and children at his former residence. Time rolled on, and twelve years had winged themselves into the inevitable past, and the fate of Miss Lucy Brighton was still a mystery. It happened, however, that in the

autumn of 1826, that memorable year of the great fire in the forests of Canada, that Mr. Brighton went with some corn to a small grist mill, but lately erected on the Chateauguay River where now stands the old village of St. Martine, a distance of seventeen miles. Mills were few and far between in those days, and from the excessive drouth of the season, it was the only one in operation at the time. Only some half dozen of very inferior houses constituted the nucleus of the present village, and its inhabitants, as at present, were French Canadians.

Whilst there, Mr. Brighton entered a store, the only one in the place, in order to purchase some necessaries. Behind the counter stood a tall, graceful woman, apparently the mistress of the house. On beholding her, he was forcibly impressed with a resemblance of his lost daughter. He addressed her, to which she replied in broken English. The more that he gazed upon her, her countenance became the more familiar to him ; and at length, he was forced as it were by some irresistible power, to make a few inquiries of her, relative to the circumstances of her life. Overwhelming indeed must have been the feelings of the old man when he discovered that she was none other than his own daughter—the lost Lucy Brighton. The mutual recognition of father and daughter, after an interval of thirteen years, was indeed an unexpected and happy one.

The additional events in the life of my heroine are as follows :

The cruel treatment which Lucy had received from Mrs. Wilson, impelled her to run away. Whilst threading her hurried flight along the winding pathway of the woods, towards her uncle's at Beech Ridge, she had deviated from the proper course by taking a lumber road, leading from

the Norton Creek towards the Bean River, intersected by minor paths, which only served to mislead her into apparently greater labyrinths. She soon discovered her isolated condition, but felt unwilling to retrace her steps lest Wilson might be in pursuit. She plunged more deeply into the woods, and forced a pathway through the checkered wilds. Towards evening she entered an old lumber shanty, in a corner of which, she threw herself down to rest, hungry and exhausted. Over the vivid fancy of her fragile spirit the spectral vision of her past years presented itself in life-like reality. Her early home—her endearing parents—and all the bright associations of happy childhood, had passed away, away into the irretrievable past, and were succeeded by the sterner realities of life, which crowded upon her young soul in the ghastly solitude of her fate. From beneath the curtained windows of her soul, the warm drippings of her heart oozed forth, and in the bitterness of her bosom she sobbed her feelings into a dreamy oblivion for the night. Poor girl ! how sad, how lonely ; how comfortless her condition ; no home, no friends, no father to shield her from the prowling monster, or to cover her from the chilling dews of night ; no mother to whisper a kindred feeling, and embrace her to a bosom of love and tenderness. But God—the father of the fatherless—was there to protect her ; angels were there also, to cover her with their wings ; and, perchance, a mother's spirit may have hovered over the sleeping beauty, and whispered celestial calmness to her soul. Morning at length came, and the sun arose in all the grandeur of majesty, scattering his effulgent beams among the woods, and nature was awakening up to welcome with sanctified adoration the monarch of the skies. Lucy also awoke ; a sudden transition from a joyous slumber to a miserable

reality. Having crept forth from her dingy cell, she eyed the surrounding woods, and knew not whither to direct her steps. Before her lay the uninhabited and almost unbroken forest. Wild denizens of the woods might be lurking around her, ready to dog her footsteps, and the cold uncharitable world appeared to be scowling upon her. Having appeased hunger with some berries and wild-roots, she proceeded in the direction, as she supposed, which led towards Beech Ridge. She had not gone very far when she came to a small river, over which she passed by a fallen tree. Hesitating a moment to consider what course to pursue, she decided to follow the stream, which she supposed to be a tributary of the Norton Creek, and might lead her to some of the settlements. Continuing her steps by the river-bank, she made but slow progress, owing to the irregular course of the river, through marshy land. No prospect of an outlet appearing she attempted to recross the river to apparently higher ground, but was prevented therefrom by observing on the opposite side, a bear and two cubs, peering barefacedly through a clump of alder bushes. With horror she sprang back, and vented a terrific shriek that startled bruin and her twins to scamper off into the woods. She, however, considered it prudent to remain on her own side of the water. All that day she continued to follow the bank of the river through sedgy morasses woven with brushwood, and intersected by fallen trees, obtaining a scanty support, and little or no rest. She at length sought a shelter for the night beneath the upturned roots of a fallen tree. Her slumbers were, however, broken by the chorus of the wolves. She was indeed no stranger to the voices of those hungry monsters, for she had heard them almost nightly since her childhood ; but feeling a solitary

dread creep over her spirit, she hid her face under the suspended fragments of turf, and nestled the more closely within the tendril bosom of the old root, and anointed her lips with the holy incense of prayer to God for protection.

On the evening of the third day she came to where the river entered a larger one. Observing a road along the bank of the latter river, she followed it about a mile without seeing further signs of a settlement. Overcome by exhaustion and sorrow, she scrambled upon a large stump by the way-side, and fell asleep. Night, dark night had again dropped its sable curtain over the sunless world, and the dense woods presented a dismal aspect. A stray zephyr, like a weird of the night, whispered among the green boughs, and the foliage murmured a doleful requiem over the sleeping lily of the forest.

She had slept but a short time when she was suddenly aroused by the fierce barks of a dog. Observing at a short distance the dim figure of a man, she spoke, and it was a blessing indeed to her that she did speak, for the man supposing her to be a bear, was at that instant pointing his musket to shoot at her. Recognizing her to be a person, he stepped forward, and addressed her in French. She replied in English, a language he understood not. He, however, beckoned her to accompany him, to which she readily complied. At a short distance they came to a shanty which they entered. An old, respectable looking Frenchman and his wife were sitting comfortably smoking their pipes, before a large hearth, upon which a fire was blazing cheerily. They were waiting the return of their son, who had gone off hunting that afternoon. He it was who had brought Lucy to their dwelling, the only game he had caught on that excursion. Her appearance

created quite a sensation among them. Her face and hands were bleeding from the scratches of the briars and brush-wood, and the meagre garments that hung around her, were torn into shreds. She, however, received a hearty welcome and a happy home. They knew not whither she had come, or to whom she belonged, and henceforth she continued to remain with them, as their adopted daughter. The old gentleman, whose name was Louis Belanger, had belonged to the Canadian Voltigeurs, and had fought at the "BATTLE OF THE CHATEAUGUAY." Being wounded he was discharged on pension, and with his wife and only surviving son, Frederick, a youth of seventeen years, had settled down in the forests of St. Martine.

Lucy soon acquired a smattering of their language, and she daily felt an increase of happiness in her new home. Visions of the past, however, frequently threw their shadows over her pensive fancy, and created a desire to behold her kindred relatives, from whom she was separated by an extensive forest, and knew not how or where to discover them. Those impressions, however, gradually receded with receding time, and she became the more strongly attached to her benefactors, more especially Frederick, upon whom she bestowed an affection of the purest gratitude. He in return also adored her with a heart sanctified by the virtues of love ; and when six years had come and gone, they were united as one in the hymeneal bonds. The old people at length died. In their stead had sprung up a group of healthy children. They were a poor but happy family. Time passed on, and fortune at length favoured them. Frederick having saved in a few years considerable money from lumbering, was enabled to commence store keeping, and obtain a share in a seigniorial grist-mill erected by him, on

the Chateauguay River, and adjoining his own land. Such was the nucleus of the present village of St. Martine, and such were the circumstances of the Belanger family when old Gideon Brighton found his long-lost daughter. Previous to this period, Mr. Brighton's family had all married and left him; he had sold his former property, and was living a solitary life on a small farm adjoining that of his brother's at Beech Ridge. This he subsequently disposed of, and realized a new and a happy home with Frederick and Lucy, at St. Martine. Poor old man, he did not live long to enjoy it—two years afterwards he died. Lucy, from an attack of typhoid fever, soon followed him, and both were interred only a few rods distant from the site of the old shanty, which place now constitutes the present burying ground of the village. This was a severe shock to Frederick and his young family. Becoming fretful and disconsolate, he disposed of his property, and removed with his children to the vicinity of Montreal. True to the sacred honor of his departed wife, he never married again. His family grew up, received an excellent education, and merited a high respectability. His daughters became united to men of wealth and distinction, now constituting some of the noted Canadian families of the present time. His only son, naturally of a pious and meditative disposition, studied for the priesthood, and is now one of the ablest and most eminent Catholic clergymen in Lower Canada. With him, Frederick Belanger, husband of "*Lucy Brighton, the Lost Girl*," now lives, and enjoys in his old age, a *Life of comfort, quietude, and religion.*

TALE V.

THE MIDNIGHT STRUGGLE.

Beware of midnight thieves and cut-throat roughs;
Bar down your windows—barricade your doors;
Even when expected least, a felon's hand
May find an ingress to your enshrined idols;
And from the balmy summit of a dream,
Hurl down your carcass to death's dark abyss.

THE young dominie like other mortals is subject to the freaks and follies incidental to first love; and even whilst he is flourishing in the one hand the birchen sceptre of scholastic authority, he may be holding in the other the Nimrodian bow and quiver of the arch-eyed Cupid. And, perchance, whilst teaching the young idea how to *shoot*, a gilded arrow may fly at random like a *shooting* star, and glance along the orbit of some passing Venus.

King Solomon, in his maxims of discipline, certifies his capacity as a school-teacher, and he appears to have applied the rod freely, particularly to the fools and dunces of his school.

Mentioning the name Solomon, I am reminded of one Solomon Culberry, a school-teacher in the district in which I formerly resided, and whose love-adventures, during a portion of his scholastic career have furnished materials for the present story.

At the time I refer to, Solomon was a tall, yawnic-

looking youth of twenty summers—of British extraction, and the son of poor parents, settlers in a neighbouring district. He had always felt himself too lazy or indisposed to work upon a farm. He had a literary taste, and an insatiable appetite for books. His ambition led him to appreciate the dignity of the clergy, and as he grew in years his desire for education and his antipathy to manual labour, increased. At whatever time his parents desired him to work he was sure to be troubled with some spasmodic affections of a bad stomach and its concomitant ills. His facilities for mind improvement were scanty and of a very indifferent sort; however, through self-exertion, he was capable of being a country dominie in his twentieth year.

In rural districts at that time, education was at a low ebb, and inferior qualifications, as a teacher, passed off remarkably well. Initiated into the dignitarian Brotherhood of the Ushers of the Birch-Rod, with an S. T. as a sort of aristocratic appendage to his name, he commenced a new era of his life with all the enthusiasm requisite to ensure success. Formerly he was considered as indolent and worthless, but now he became distinguished as an important member of society. But all men, from the days of Adam to the present age, have had some weak side, or odd quality in their composition—so had Solomon Culberry. And its manifestations became suddenly apparent.

A few months after his inauguration, a Miss Elliotson from another part of the country, paid a visit to some relatives in the neighbourhood. Hearing of the miraculous progress in the school of Dominie Culberry, she resolved to become one of his pupils. How small a circumstance, at an inadvertent moment, may disarrange or explode the speculative anticipations of our ambition; and, perchance,

amidst the disorganized material, a superstructure may rear itself, that may give a new phase to our thoughts and actions. Such was the case with Solomon; no sooner had Miss Elliotson entered the scholastic forum than the heart of poor Culberry sprang a leak, and stars began to sparkle before his eyes. He felt as it were the hand of some invisible power, fingering fantastically among the silken fibres of his soul, and producing a strange, weird-like music of scattered and enchanted sounds, like the murmuring cadence of an Æolian harp upon the moon-lit waters of the Ægean sea. Miss Elliotson became at once the mistress of his soul, and the brightest *pupil* of his eye; she was young, beautiful, and frolicsome—the proper qualities to awaken up the latent energies of a young man's heart, and cause him to look, as it were, through a magnifying-glass. School-teaching became daily a greater drudgery to him, except during the happy moments spent with his fair pupil, —herself forming the sum and substance of her class. His peculiar politeness and attention towards her produced a sort of dissatisfaction in school, as also among several of the parents; and the gossips of the neighbourhood plied their vocal organs with sarcastic agility. But young Solomon soon found, like Solomon of old, that "all things under the sun are only vanity and vexation of spirit." The gay, giddy scholar soon formed an intimate acquaintance with a young man who had lately come to the neighbourhood, and was acting in the capacity of a catechist to the people—there being no stationed minister there at that time. Their intercourse became glaringly familiar, and at length an elopement was the result, and poor Solomon Culberry was left to brood over, with despondent sorrow, the disappointment of his early love. Heartless and disconsolate, he

struggled through the remainder of his scholastic year, and then retired into his former domestic obscurity.

The following year a male teacher was required in the Russeltown District, consequently Solomon was fortunate enough to obtain an engagement to teach there. The school-house was pleasantly situated upon the side of the famous Covey-Hill, which forms a part of the frontiers of York State and Canada East. It was surrounded by a dense thicket, that might serve as a favourite elysium for the sylphs and muses of the mountain,—a fit haunt for the heartless lover in which to pour forth his solitary woes. Adjacent to the school-house, in a retired spot, lived a respectable Scotch family, and with them, Solomon took up his local residence. But ere long he discovered the good graces of the fair Eliza,—youngest daughter of Vulcan Hammersmith, the person with whom he boarded. Old habits and propensities, although allowed to remain dormant for a length of time, are readily brought into action when any stimulant similar to that which gave them existence is brought to bear upon them, particularly when the mind is in a passive state. Such was the case with the feelings of our hero. More deeply than ever he soon became deeply submerged by the follies of a foolish heart; and young Eliza, in return, soon learned to reciprocate his love, with an affectionate heart. But her parents, seeing the mutual tendency of their familiar love, and having ascertained but false and unfavourable accounts of Solomon's character, very prudently forbade further intercourse. Notwithstanding the rigid edict of the parents, the young couple continued to love each other, and occasionally to hold a secret interview. At the end of the first month Solomon was dismissed from the house, and had to find other lodgings.

However, an opportunity occasionally offered itself for them to meet in the grove during the still hours of night. At length the chilling air of approaching winter rendered a continuation of their sylvan interviews less agreeable; eventually an expedient was agreed upon. The house of Mr. Hammersmith consisted of four apartments, one of which was the bed-chamber of our heroine. Although modest and apparently virtuous, she at length agreed to allow Solomon to meet with her in the little room, after the others of the family had gone to bed, so that they might communicate the congenial feelings of their heart.

It is a practice too common in Canada, with many of the female sex, to sit up occasionally a portion of the night with their beaux—a practice which too many parents countenance, without feeling apprehensive of its incidental consequence.

Solomon's manner of ingress to Eliza's chamber was simply to creep softly to its little window, give a certain signal, unshoe himself, and if all was right within, he found an immediate entrance. Secret and ingenious as his method was, it was discovered by some nocturnal stroller like himself, perchance a rival. One night, having left his boots outside as usual, he found himself minus of them when he was about to depart. In vain he endeavoured to find them,—consequently he was obliged to locomote himself to his lodgings bootless over the gravelly road. Early on the following morning Mr. Hammersmith found the ill-starred pedestals on the top of a high pole erected before his door, and bearing a slip of paper containing the following notice:

"*Strayed upon the premises of Vulcan Hammersmith, a pair of boots, which he retains in his possession. The owner thereof can have them gratis, by proving property.*

Underneath were the following waggish lines:

From brutes to men our lot was cast,
Twin-born we lived and breathed our last,
And as no "foot" of earth we found
Both "sole" and body left the ground,
And raised aloft on wings of leather
We now sublimely soar together.

That Eliza's father had any suspicion of Solomon I know not; but one thing I am certain of is, that the owner could never be found; consequently, old Vulcan became the *sole* proprietor of the calf-skin trotters.

A week or two elapsed ere Solomon renewed his nocturnal visits. The wisdom he had profited by his experience caused him to use more precaution in future. Nevertheless he again subjected himself to an eventful error,—almost a fatal occurrence. One night, as formerly, he steered his foot-course towards the temple of his Dianian goddess, and cautiously approached the window—the love-signal was given, but there was no response. Again and again the glass squeaked under the pressure of his finger, but to no purpose. He listened, and heard the heavy respiration of the nasal organ of some one, apparently asleep.

"*Gentle goddess,*" *he exclaimed in soliloquy,* "*thou sleepest;*" *My ear is greeted by the murmuring ripples of thy heart. I hear the throbbings of thy pulse: methinks it is the fluttering of thy spirit's wings. Perchance thou dreamest. Then, fair Eliza, dost thou dream of me? And if thou dost—sleep on. I will not waken thee, nor through thy soul's own atmosphere send even the slightest murmur to disturb thy dreams; but fair Eliza, didst thou but know that he who loves thee is so near thyself thou wouldst*

not sleep, but wakening, smile, and clasp me in thine arms —and kiss thy own dear Solomon."

Solomon, however, did not indulge his fancy long in such solitary dreams, but proceeded at once to open the window. So gently did he enter that not one of the sleeping inmates attempted to move a wakening muscle. Having closed the aperture he stepped quietly towards the bedside, and stooping over the slumberer whispered in the most affectionate tones "Eliza,—Eliza. Are you asleep, my darling?" No answer was elicited. He paused for a few seconds, and a long nervous sigh-breath gurgled through his windpipe. In breathless animation he listened to the regular breathing of the sleeping one and the hurried oscillations of his own heart. "Eliza," he again muttered, and with corresponding action, bent forward to steal a gentle kiss from the balmy lips of the sleeping beauty. Oh, horrors! In the twinkling of a moment, his ideal vision was transmogrified by his magic touch into the tangible reality of a lank, bony physiog, nearly covered with shaggy moustache and whiskers. Immediately the sleeper startled up as if from the horrors of a dream, and gruffly demanded who was there. Solomon shuddered, and sprang back. A peculiar sensation of surprise and terror flickered around his heart; and for one instant he stood a silent and motionless statue—the sweat bursting out at every pore. A long brawny arm extended itself from under the bed-clothes, and a muscular man raised himself upon his posterior, and peering, with nervous vision into the dark vista, he at length recognized the dim outlines of Solomon crouching in a corner of the room. Hoarser and more impulsive the voice again demanded who was there?—a moment's pause, and no answer. The strong man drew himself forward and began to grope around him

for some weapon of defence. Poor Solomon stood still, straining every optic fibre in behalf of vision. A thrill of even more than supernatural horror vibrated every nerve of his system. The idea flashed over his mind, that the person was none other than Mr. Hammersmith, lying in wait for him. Feeling apprehensive of an outrage upon himself, perchance murder, and that a moment's delay might incur greater danger, he instantly sprang forward upon the man, and with brutal force clenched him by the throat, "Murder! murd-r! mur-r-r" vociferated the stifled voice, and a furious struggle ensued. Solomon still held his inveterate grip;—his atagonist also grappled him with iron nerve, and for several moments the fierce combatants exerted every muscle in self-defence. Solomon still held his victim under, and at length, with redoubled energy, hurled his carcass from the bed, and both fell like dead-weights upon the floor, where, for a few seconds, they continued to wallow with convulsive struggle; but at length the strong man swooned under the victorious grasp of our hero. Solomon immediately relinquished his deadly grip, and having clutched hold of his hat and boots, bounded out by the window, and like an infuriated demon hurried to his lodgings, almost frantic with gallows horrors and the ghostly vision of his strangled and bleeding victim. He had scarcely effected his escape, when Mr. Hammersmith, aroused by the cries of murder, and the noise occasioned by the struggle, burst open the room door, and beheld the man lying motionless upon the floor, apparently a murdered corpse; consternation and horror at the sight seized upon his spirit. His wife and family became almost frantic. "Who had murdered him, and what were they to do!" they confusedly interrogated "Allow the corpse to remain there

untouched, until I have alarmed our neighbours, in order to prevent suspicion falling upon us," said Mr. Hammersmith.

To his presence of mind he gave immediate action—and in less than half an hour a number of astonished and affrighted individuals, among whom was Solomon, stood around the body gazing intently upon its ghastly visage. Had suspicion at that moment pointed to any person present, the impassioned features of poor Solomon would have condemned him as the criminal. Imagine, then, his feelings when he had discovered, that the person in question was not Mr. Hammersmith, but a stranger, and had been in no way connected with the stratagem, as he had supposed. Solomon, however, very feelingly stooped over the body—pressed his hand over the bosom—examined the pulse, and acted as if skilled in physics. "He lives! he lives!" exultingly exclaimed Solomon, and untying the shirt collar, he cried out vociferously for water.

Then sprinkling the cooling liquid over the face and bosom, and applying a prodigious plaster of salt, pepper, and mustard to the back and belly of the man, he soon resuscitated him to his proper senses. When the dumb lump of mortality arose and spoke, a feeling of happiness pervaded every soul present; Eliza's heart heaved big with pleasant emotions—even her very eyes dropped tears of joy. Praise and gratitude were lavishly bestowed upon Solomon, under whose skilful and effective treatment the man had immediately recovered, feeling but little pain or illness, except what was occasioned by the steaming vitality of Dr. Solomon's Soothing Salve and Ready Relieving Resuscitator.

The mysterious event elicited various suggestions as to

its cause and purpose. A criminal looking person had passed that afternoon, and was seen by both Solomon and Eliza, therefore it was decided that he had committed the outrage, with intention to murder and rob. Solomon having applied a solution of soot and vinegar to his patient's, stomach, and rubbed the bruised localities with a compound of lard, bees' wax and blue ointment, he departed, promising to return at an early hour on the following morning.

Perhaps, my readers, you feel as impatient as did Solomon to learn who this stranger was. I will therefore reveal the mystery, and the sequel will explain itself.

In those days the people of that neighbourhood were destitute of a stationed minister. Occasionally a Methodist Missionary would visit the locality; and even those who were of different creeds would also meet as one family to hear the Gospel preached. On the Saturday night referred to, at a late hour, the Rev. Nicodemus Almerston had unexpectedly come to the house of Mr. Hammersmith, with the intention of preaching in the school-house on the following day. The Hammersmiths, wishing to keep the best side of accommodation uppermost, and at the same time, to give the minister a night's comfortable repose, put him into Eliza's bed-chamber—to all appearance, the most pleasant and replenished part of the house; consequently, on account of this unexpected transformation of things, and Eliza's want of an opportunity to acquaint her lover, this mysterious and almost fatal collision between preacher and teacher occurred; it was however, the means of giving a new phase to the congenial intercourse of our young friends. Notwithstanding the vicious "assault and battery" to which the reverend gentleman had been subjected, he was enabled to preach as he had purposed. Solomon and

Eliza were among that little band of Sabbath worshippers, who had congregated; and strange and impressive must have been their emotions, whilst the following verse of the closing hymn was being sung:

> Pernicious creeds and sinful deeds,
> Like worthless weeds, but furnish seeds,
> Unfit for man to eat;
> Oh, then beware, and do not spare
> Before it bear, to pluck the tare
> That "chokes" the Gospel wheat.

Solomon accepted an invitation to take tea in company with his reverence, that afternoon, at Mr. Hammersmith's; and ever afterwards he became a favourite and frequent visitor among the family.

Through the influence of the minister, he was subsequently initiated into the favours and friendship of the "TROY CONFERENCE," in the State of New York; and through their aid and his own exertions, he was enabled to receive a very excellent education, and graduated in college with the highest honours. Shortly afterwards, the consummation of his earthly happiness was realized in the hymeneal alliance with Eliza Hammersmith. Solomon Culberry is now one of the brightest and most eminent ministers that constitute the Troy Conference. Nicodemus Almerston still survives the shock of that fearful struggle, and, being unmarried, now lives as a superannuated minister in the bosom of the happy family of the Rev. Dr. Solomon Culberry; and many a hearty laugh has been created at the expense of that eventful and ever to be remembered *midnight struggle.*

> As foes they met, like fiends, they fought.
> Now friends they live, as Christians ought.

TALE VI.

NIGHT ADVENTURES IN A GRAVE YARD.

Hark! 'tis the voice of midnight's solemn hour,
How calmly sleep the toil-worn sons of day,
And yon fair moon that gilded half our globe,
Like some fair virgin to her curtained couch,
Smiling, retires from the benighted world.
To yonder hallowed shades of Golgotha—
—The dark depository of dead men's bones,
At this lone hour, and unperceived, crawls forth
The grave-yard ruffian and the death-bed robber.
Grim hoary spectres, skulls of murder'd men,
Lank skeletons uprising from their cells,
Black, grinning hags whose eyes like demon's glare,
And grizzly hell-born monsters from the Pit,
With all the furies of the ancient kennel,
Who haunt at night these marbled solitudes,
To riot on the husks of human carcases,—
They fear not, but like bloodhounds track their prey
With eagle eye, among the unletter'd dead.
Then fastening on some newly turf-clad mound,
Plunge to the hilt their ready implements,
Then drag their victim from its prison cell,
And bearing home their booty smirk with joy.

If there be one spot upon earth more hallowed than another, more frequently visited by celestial beings, and possessing greater claims upon living mortals and the departed spirits

of good and evil men, it is, assuredly, that place *where the wicked are at rest and the weary cease from their labours.*

These sacred gardens of the dead, however, have been too frequently visited by unhallowed feet; their store-houses have been unmercifully ransacked, and desecrated by sacrilegious ruffians, who have contemptuously outraged the divine authority, whose voice has emphatically commanded *that the bodies of the dead shall rest in their graves until the resurrection.*

The pecuniary inducements that have been frequently held forth by the Dr. Knoxes of the Medical Bench for *grave subjects* have even tempted some inhuman wretches as Burke and Hare to traffic in *dead stock*, and procure their victims at the expense of life.

As an instance of the rapacious gluttony of the grave-hunter, together, with adventures in a church-yard, and their alarming effects, I now present my readers with a *grave subject* which I intend to dissect for their special benefit.

It was customary with many of the first settlers in Canada to bury their dead upon their own farm, whilst others conjointly procured a small burying ground for their own convenience. Many of those places, scattered over the country, are still to be seen, whilst others are either trodden down to a level, or ploughed up by some reckless and irreverent possessor of the soil. As a district increased in the number of its inhabitants, and the religious and scholastic wants of the people became a matter of consideration, common cemeteries, convenient for the neighbourhood, were formed in conjunction with either schoolhouse or church.

The burying ground of Beech Ridge is attached to the

Presbyterian Kirk of that place, both of which are deserving of special notice; but for the present I will confine my observations to the former.

Some nineteen years ago, a certain resident in the district of St. Remi was suspected of body snatching. His regular attendance at funerals, and the staunch smell from his waggon after a nocturnal visit to Montreal, suggested to a neighbour the idea of body-lifting. This person observed closely the actions of the supposed resurrectionist, and finally satisfied himself that his suspicion was well founded. These tidings coming to the ears of those who had relatives lately buried, induced them to search, and eventually they discovered that many of the graves were tenantless. The sensation in the neighbourhood of Beech Ridge became intense, and a thousand horrifying rumours were afloat.

A secret guard to protect the dead was immediately organized. Two different members were appointed to serve each night during the allotted period of watching every newly-interred corpse. Shortly after this occasion a respected member of the Kirk died. On the evening after the interment the first two of the body corps went on duty.

It was about the middle of October; the nights being somewhat chilly, they stationed themselves within the church, and with gun and dagger ready, kept a good look out for the resurrectionists. No. 1st. of the body guard, was a canny Scot, of middle age, able-bodied, but possessed of no extraordinary force of courage, and in case of a combat at arms, might be readily induced to turn a posterior target to his opponent marksman. He was designated by the name of Bauhals.

No. 2nd was a tall coarse-grained brawny Highlander,

of soldier-like appearance, well-versed in military tactics and the deeds of warriors, particularly those of the stamp of Fingal and Ouilliam More. He was knighted as a fellow of the ancient Bachelorhood, yet he had decidedly a happy turn for the fair sex. Playing the bag-pipes was his favourite amusement. His style of manners was mild and pleasant, except when aroused into energy by a recitation of some heroic prodigy. His valor, however, assumed a higher colouring than perhaps a closer examination would admit of; existing rather as an ideal passion of the brain than a tangible ingredient of the heart. His propensity to ponder over and perpetuate the deeds of heroes procured for him the illustrious title of "LORD NELSON." It happened that a young night "larker" from the eastern part of Beech Ridge had been up to Nortonville that evening, and was returning home at the eleventh hour, carrying over his shoulder a half dozen of stove pipes strung on a pole. A good bumper which he had taken at Magilston on his way home, had aroused the energies and grandeur of his soul and given him a glorious view of things in general. Being naturally of a daring mind and the more so on this occasion, he purposed to pay a visit to the grave-yard and test the merits of the body-gaurd. On reaching the gateway he walked boldly up the lane towards the Church, entered the burying ground and seated himself upon the grave sward. A confused sound like the feeble efforts of a long besieged army, issued through the kirk walls intermingled with strange weird like mutterings as of human tongues. Stooping over the grave and sticking his pole into the turf, he began to operate, by giving a vertical motion to the pipes, modifying the sound in imitation of the pick and shovel,—the darkness of the night disguised his assumed appearance. A quarter of

an hour elapsed, and neither man nor missile appeared. Shouldering his pipes again he quietly crept around to the Church door and peered through the keyhole. By the glimmer emitted through the orifice of the stove in which a fire had been kindled, he was enabled to discover the kirk heroes and their actions. It appeared that the gun being of the old flint-hammer style had missed fire, and at this moment they were endeavouring to ignite the powder by a lucifer match.

Within one of the pews adjacent to the window opposite the grave, stood Nelson half bent pointing his musket towards the dead-spot; whilst poor Bauhals with match in hand and looking the very picture of horror, was doing his mortal best to fire the touchhole of the murderous charger.

Neither of the two appeared to hold a steady hand, as a sort of nervous seesaw motion of the match and musket was kept a going until the former became extinguished, rendering every effort ineffectual.

"Steady, poys, steady," sung out Nelson every time that Bauhals attempted to direct vitality to the fire-works.

"Dod man, it'll nae gang aff ava," muttered Bauhals.

"Pan the preech an' fizzle the cocker, an' the tam pitch 'll gang," said Nelson.

"Deil tak it," exclaimed Bauhals, after another attempt had failed, "dod mun its oot again, an' the spunks are a' dune."

"Fire the poker and fruddle the poother, then," ejaculated Nelson. "Haste ye, poys, afore thae tam teevils 'll scuttle the pulwarks an pag the pody."

Bauhals hurried confusedly to the stove, kindled the wooden poker, being fully determined to make a grand final explosion. He therefore dashed forward with the fiery stick, but, either through carelessness, or misguided by fear,

in his hurry he drove the blazing end of the poker right into Nelson's uppermost ear, and a shower of sparks burst forth in magnificent brilliancy. The powder in the pan in this manner became ignited, followed by a terrific crash, and the grand display of fireworks was concluded by the discharge of ball and buckshot, carrying off a part of the window, and Nelson, amidst a shower of glass, was knocked sprawling upon the floor by the rebound of the musket.

"Oigh, oigh, oigh," shouted Nelson vociferously, "py cosh I'm kilt, I'm kilt. Plast the tam pall, she's gane through me lug."

" Dod preserve me, hae thae resurrection men shot at ye, Nelson ?" cried Bauhals, attempting to rise upon his beam-ends.

" Py cosh, Bauhals, I'm kilt as shure as daith," muttered Nelson in a death-like tone.

This was enough for the young adventurist; he dashed homeward in glorious triumph, leaving his immortal heroes alone in the grand sublimity of their glory, to adjust, as best they could, the disorder of the prodigious and eventful affair.

For several nights after this adventure nothing of an eventful nature transpired in either the kirk or kirkyard.

It happened, however, that on a certain night another singular event occurred. One of the appointed watchers was an Englishman, by the name of Bill Hope. He was rather an odd character; generally one of the most obliging and inoffensive men in the neighbourhood ; but he, like every other of his species, had his failings. He was addicted to the bottle occasionally, and whilst under its influence, was prone to idealize himself beyond his ordinary capacities.

It also produced a wonderful effect upon his pugilistic

propensities. He was then willing to fight any and every one; yet, after all, never was unfortunate enough to find a foe or fight a battle in his life. On the evening referred to, Bill, having saturated his stomach for the occasion, started off boldly to resume the night watch. In the absence of his comrade who had gone in quest of another gun, he crept quietly along to the fence in order to give a solitary peep across the grave-yard. The evening was dark, and things in general presented but a very indistinct appearance. Through the openings of the fence he gazed, and lo! he beheld the aspect of a man apparently at work. The startled emotions of his soul began to flutter as he attempted to prepare for the work of death. Having crept to a closer and more convenient distance, he levelled his musket and fired; bullets and buckshot flew, and oh, horrors! —the man fell by the side of the grave as dead as a tombstone. Bill, like an affrighted hero, flew from the spot and sounded the alarm among the neighbours.

Well do I remember hearing, on that eventful night, the sound of the gun-shot; and, I like many others, through curiosity, instantly paid a hurried visit to the grave-yard, and beheld with ludicrous amazement the cold and silent victim of the fatal gun.

As a sequel to the event, I may here state, that in the vicinity of the grave alluded to, stood a monumental slab, composed of wood, almost the only memorial of the dead in that place in those days. Some fifteen years it had withstood the wind and weather. Its base at the surface of the ground had become decayed; and although it stood as the representative of an earthly immortality, it was indeed tottering upon the tomb. Alas! like all earthly things, it was doomed to perish—in the twinkling of a moment,

it fell, and great indeed was the fall thereof. Now, my astonished readers, allow me in hallowed and reverential solemnity to inform you, that this distinguished monument was the identity of that man—the supposed resurrectionist —whom Bill Hope, in his freaks of a morbid imagination, had laid low in death.

Bullets and buckshot flew with force,
And his victim fell on the spot;
But instead of the resurrection man,
'Twas only the old wood slab he shot.

A few weeks after this adventure, during the watching of another newly interred-corpse, another eventful but more serious affair occurred. As formerly, two of the members were on guard, one of whom was a Highland Scotchman—the other a Lowlander. The former had equipped himself with dirk and musket—the other with sword and rifle,—each having with him a bottle of the McRae whiskey,—in order to temper their spirits more keenly for their savage work, and keep off the ghosts and fairies that were wont to hover about the place. The dark interior of a country church at night is indeed a dreary, haunted looking place, especially to those who are watching the dead,—every moment expecting to hear the sound of the pick and shovel. Empty pews, tall gothic windows, and the grim visage of the high pulpit, only serve to render the scene more dismal. Imagination is at work. Phantoms are conjured up. Skeletons and skulls are idealized; and stories of haunted kirks and kirk-yards, flit over the memory. Only a few yards distant lie the dead—many of whom we have known—some our former friends and companions. We fancy we see and hear them as of

old. A thousand associations of the past, in life-like reality, spring up. More closely we hug the enchanted vision to our soul, until, perhaps, we are aroused suddenly from our cherished reverie by the hollow tread of the grave-hunter. It is not then to be wondered at that Donald and Sandie had amply provided themselves on this occasion with the *Hielanman's cure for a' ills.* Having seated themselves in a convenient corner for a "look out," they began to discuss with liquid eloquence the intrinsic merits of the Black Prince.

"Weel, Donald, what are we gaun to do, if the died-howkers come?" said Sandie after they had partaken heartily of the liquor.

"Shoot them, py tam," exclaimed Donald roughly.

"Whist mun, an 'dinna speak sae loud, or may be thay'll hear ye gin they're about the kirk-yaird," whispered Sandie.

"Py cosh, Sandie," said Donald emphatically, "I'll mak my auld kun spak louder than mysel, or my name's no Tonald Mc..... I'll gie thae pitches and plackards a guit prog o'my tirk as weel' an' sen them sprawlin' to the diel like a fished herrin'. But py my troth, Sandie, the diel's ay warm whan he sees a fire, saes hersel ay dry whan she talks o' the herrin. Haun' owre the pottle then, an we'll prime our ainsels wi' anither guit dram o' Heilan, poother afore the plack rascals begin to howke. "*Slanta acket,*" said Donald, and the peat reek gurgled down his thropple.

"*Here s'tae ye,*" muttered Sandie and down went the liquid,—and both smacked their lips as a complimentary token in appreciation of its virtue.

The wearied hours of the night were rolling heavily along. To relieve their tedium the two watchers had

indulged freely in bottle No. 1st, and No. 2nd had been begun to. It was now midnight—that hour of all others the most dreary and death-like,—the hour when the queen of superstition with magic finger points towards the mystic worlds, and with her enchanted wand calls up a myriad of aerial beings to people earth,—the hour when the prison doors of Limbo are opened wide, and its restless inhabitants pay their nocturnal visits to our world. Hades too, throws open its iron portals, and hosts of infernal imps rush out to enjoy, for one short hour, their nightly revelry. The spirits of Elysium also renew the vigour of their golden wings, and, in the light of celestial glory, fly towards earth. The aerial beings of the invisible faery planet also fan our terrestrial atmosphere, and sport fantastically in all the fancy figures of fairy-land. Even the unfathomed caverns of the earth are emptied of their throngs, and the magic cauldrons of witchcraft and leger-demain emit their pernicious fumes upon our atmosphere. This very hour—this mysterious hour had come, and the dead hum of night with solemn stillness pressed deeply upon the soul. The weighty finger of Morpheus had slightly closed the eyelids of the two watchers. However, at that very important period, Donald awoke, and having brushed away the night-dew from his eyes and ears, he very distinctly heard the sound of the digger's implements at work. *In reality they were there.* The muffled blow of the pick was heard,—the gruff sounds of the shovel grated harshly through the gravel, and the rattling pebbles sent forth a hoarse murmur as they fell upon the ejected heap of earth.

"Bluss my soul, they's pe come for sure," exclaimed Donald in a deep undertone, startling wildly up.

" What's a' the maiter wi' ye Donald, mun ?" muttered Sandie, starting up also, and rubbing both eyes at once.

" Whist, Sandie ! " whispered Donald sharply, " As sure as daith thae plackards hae come, and I smells the corpse already."

" Guid gracious ; heaven preserve us ; what 'll become o' us then ? " excitedly muttered Sandie.

" Yer kun, yer kun," cried Donald, " poother, prime, and cocker, hand on trigger, shoother musket, follow Tonald ; "

" Hoot mun, Donald, wait awee ; it may be thae chaps 'll gang awa' gin we gie a wee bit chap upo' the windie."

" No, py cosh," said Donald, " We'll shoot an' tirk the ploody pitches and plackards, an' gie them a guid taste o' the cauld steel,"—and he hurried towards the doorway followed reluctantly by his comrade.

" Now Sandie," said Donald when they had reached the door, " Afore ye gang oot ye maun stiffen every feather i' yer breist, keep yer wind tight 'i yer pody—follow me roun to the dyke, an' as soon as ye hear me cry oot—" *Ready Poys*,"—jump the fence, point kun and shoot,—traw tagger —advance quickly,—yell like the very deevil,—an' afore they've time to ken us, or cry " *quarter*," we'll shoot and tirk the ploody rascals."

Sandie nodded assent, and both having taken a good bumper, they crept out quietly towards the fence of the grave yard. A moment's pause. Sandie drew a long hollow sigh. Donald stared forward with eagle eye, compressing his lips. The sounds from the grave pit close by were distinctly heard ;—the eventful moment had arrived —a moment, perchance, pregnant with death, and when skill and valour were to be forcibly brought into action, and the thunderbolts of individual heroism to be hurled forth.

" Prepare now," whispered Donald.—One second more, and the order " Ready Poys" was given. At that instant, like wild furies, both heroes scaled the fence—fired—belched forth a terrific war-cry, and sprang forward. No sooner done, than a pistol shot was fired upon them—and Sandie fell, and tumbled over upon his back in a hollow between two graves, and in death-like spasms roared out—" O Donald, *I'm shot; I'm shot;*—heaven preserve me; oh carry me hame tae my wife and weans,"—and a deep, sepulchral groan escaped from his lips.

Donald, however, rushed wildly forward at full leap like an infuriated demon, dirk and musket in hand, swearing and yelling like a demoniac cannibal; but just as he was about to plunge his dagger into the buttocks of the hindermost fugitive as he sprang out of the grave, poor Donald himself in his blind hurry was instantly precipitated into the dark and fulsome pit that they had made, where for a few minutes he lay in a state of unconsciousness. Meanwhile, Sandie, more frightened than hurt, discovered to his surprise, that he was not shot, but had only stumbled over a grave, and fell. Having regained his footings, he began to look around for his fellow " soldier-at-arms," but for some time no signs of him were either to be seen or heard. At length, at a short distance, the voice of poor Donald as if oozing from beneath the turf in muffled tones, cried out in a most pitiable tone. " Oigh; oigh; I'm kilt, I'm kilt,—shot and murdered py thae ploody rogues."

Sandie believing him to be shot, and apprehending self danger, should the murderers be lurking about, instantly scuddled out of the grave-yard in search of aid. In less than half an hour a dozen of the neighbours, with lanterns entered the hallowed grounds in quest of poor Donald,—but no sound of his voice was heard.

" Weel lads," said Sandie, as they approached the grave, " as sure's daith, they've carried him off i' ' thair knappersacks, an' awa' tae the doctor's died-house wi-him, eh me ! puir fallow ! "

" Py cosh, Sandie, is that yer nainsel," shouted a voice from the grim depths of the newly opened grave, and in an instant the black curly head of poor Donald arose in immortal vigour above the confines of the tomb, in which place he had lain quietly for some time, thinking the sounds that he indistinctly heard were those of the grave diggers returning.

" Donald, mun, is that really yersel ? " said Sandie.

" Kin Tonald binna died, 'tis nae ither than his ainselpoth pody and soul o' Tonald Mc——But whaur's the tam rascals that hae kilt me ? Oh, for guid sake, Sandie, help me oot afore I dee i' the tiel's plack hoose and pe perried alive."

Donald was soon extracted from the yawning jaws of the pit—the only wound discovered upon his body was a slight contusion upon his forehead, occasioned by the fall, which shock and the accelerated exhilaration of the whiskey, had rendered him unable to extricate himself. Donald having arisen upon the surface of the earth, stretched himself up beyond his full stature, and in the air of heroic dignity, slapped his right hand across his breast, and exclaimed. " Tanks pe to goodness ; Donald Mc——is nae kilt yet py the tam plackards."

Nineteen years have since rolled away into the past, but Donald and Sandie, crowned with immortal laurels, still live as the " heroes of the tomb,"—and with that eventful and ever-to-be-rembered night, the robbers of the grave-yard closed their sacrilegious career in the burying-ground of Beech Ridge.

TALE VII.

THE RUSSELTOWN TRAGEDY.

Vile monster, wretch, incarnate fiend thou art;
Who for the sake of paltry gain robs life,
Hazards thine own and damnifies thy soul.
From man, not God, thy hideous head mays't hide,
But does not heal or justify thy crime.
The crime of crimes, the hell of hells are thine;
At sight of thee men shudder, earth grows pale,
Heaven stares aghast, and angels droop their wings
Yea, hell, even very hell grows hot with horror.

EXTENDING northward from the base of Covey Hill towards the village of Chrysostom, is a tract of fertile and semewhat level land, of angular form, bounded in part by the English and Black rivers, and is known by the name of the Russeltown Flats. They were formerly covered by a dense forest of oak, and were early occupied by American squatters, who lived chiefly by hunting and lumbering. Connected with this place is a tragical event, which occurred in the year 1813. As few of the present settlers are aware of such, I feel an interest in giving publicity thereto. I have gleaned the incidents from the pioneers of the forest, the hoary patriarchs of the olden time, who are fast passing away from the earth, and with them many a tale and legend of the past also pass away.

A few years previous to this event, a family, by the name

of Shearer settled on a farm adjacent to the Russeltown Corners. Their shanty stood only a few rods distant from where now stands the manse of the Rev. Wm. Masson, Presbyterian minister of that neighbourhood. Mr. Shearer, was, apparently, a peace-loving man, of respectable appearance, and extremely courteous; but the keen observer of human nature could easily detect beneath the smooth surface of his features a treacherous undercurrent, oozing from the heart. His wife, though possessed of a favourable aspect was very deceitful and loquacious, and might be considered a *little too sweet to be wholesome.* Their offspring consisted of six sons and one daughter; and like the oaks, among which they had grown up, they were but the ungrafted scions of a gnarled growth.

During the three years previous to 1813, an American packman by the name of Josiah Gill, occasionally visited the neighbourhood, at which times he generally made it convenient to stay over night with the Shearer family. He was a young man of excellent character and education, prepossessing in appearance, and commanding universal approbation.

A pedlar's visit in those days, when the country was young and sparsely settled, was a somewhat rare and imposing occurrence, and the swollen budget, when opened, created quite an excitement. Every layer had to be displaced, and everything unmasked, so that all the contents might be seen: and it was a glorious sight to the young ones, as they crowded around to get a peep at the curiosities. A pedlar in those early times was looked upon as a person of considerable reputation. His facilities for collecting and carrying news, especially when there was neither paper nor post office in the country—and bringing, as it were, a store-

house to their very doors, ever rendered him a welcome guest to the bosom of every family.

Sylvania, eldest of Mr. Shearer's family, was a strong muscular girl of nineteen years. She had formed quite an attachment for Josiah; and her parents also felt desirous of kindling a *match* for their daughter, with so bright a *spark*. But Josiah's thoughts and feelings were otherwise disposed. Although of a mirth-making, story-telling nature, and occasionally jocular with Sylvania, he had no idea of affecting a union with her. She was indeed too masculine and metal-tempered for him: her ideas were uncouthly barbarous: her tongue, though unpolished was keen-edged, and well adapted for cutting jokes and dissecting character; her lips resembled those of a negro in all but colour. She had a pug nose pointing in the angle line of the 45th degree: eyes, iron-grey, inset and voluptuously expressive and peering through shaggy fringes; cheek-bones ridged; forehead low and receding; hair, coarse and of butternut colour; skin balsam hued; form, of middle-size, muscular and as coarsely chiseled as a Laplander. Her manners were rude, at times extravagantly abrupt—as laughing to raise a laugh, and talking for the purpose of making herself witty and others intelligent. Notwithstanding her natural eccentricities she was possessed of *love*;—not that sentimental, heaven-inspired essence of the inner soul, whose life is sanctified by chastity of thought and action,—but the effervesence of a lasciviously impassioned heart, that manufactured its own feelings out of the excrescences of the blood, and never allowed its virtues to rise higher than the stomach. Such was the young lady who sought the heart and hand of Josiah Gill.

Eastward a few miles from Covey Hill, lived, at that

time a respectable family named Gilfillan. Idaline was the youngest of the household, tall, graceful, and naturally accomplished; twenty-two years of age, and of the very stamp and material congenial to the fancy and feelings of Josiah Gill. They had loved each other since their first interview; theirs was a virtuous and happy love. Three years had he traversed the winding pathways of the forest. Many a stormy day and trackless woods he had struggled through; but he was now desirous of forming a permanent residence, and uniting to himself the beautiful Idaline Gilfillan as his wife.

One evening, about the middle of December, 1813, Josiah Gill arrived at Mr· Shearer's, with the intention of staying over night; he had been on a tour through some of the lower settlements, and was returning homeward, on his last trip as a forest packman. He informed them that he had come to pay his farewell visit, as he purposed opening a store in his own district. They had lately heard of his intercourse and intended marriage with Idaline, and therefore questioned him as to the truth thereof.

"What everybody says must be true," said Josiah, smilingly: whereupon Sylvania belched forth a tirade of abuse against Idaline and the others of her family.

Josiah, seeing the bad effect, waived the subject, and began to inform them of what news he had heard. The old dame, however, endeavoured occasionally to embellish the conversation with specimens of choice flattery, in favour of Sylvania as a housekeeper, and what inestimable qualities she was possessed of. In the course of the evening, Mr. Shearer inquired of Josiah what success he had had on his tour; the latter informed him that he had sold and collected to a considerable amount.

"Well, Joe, I think you had better have me to help you to carry your purse home," exclaimed Sylvania, jokingly.

"Oh, perhaps, he has already engaged Ida Gilfillan," sneeringly ejaculated dame Shearer.

"Then that will be Gill and Gill-fillan & Co.," said Josiah.

"You'll soon get tired of her company, the dirty slovenly thing that she is," contemptuously exclaimed Sylvania.

"That may and may not be the case," replied Josiah.

At this instant a neighbour entered the shanty which gave a new phase to the conversation. At length Josiah retired to bed :—his intentions were to visit Gilfillan's on the following day, and complete the arrangements for his wedding —and in the reverie of bright thoughts, happy anticipations, and expanding prospects, he began to slumber, and ere long was a sojourner in the land of dreams.

Morning came and day passed away. It is now evening : and my readers, I solicit you to accompany me to the interior of another shanty, only a few miles distant. Layers of round logs, interlined with moss, form the walls of the building. Slabs of basswood compose the roof and floor. One part of the interior is partitioned off for a family bed-room, the other serves as kitchen, parlour, and dining-hall, and contains a window of four lights and a large uncouth fireplace : its furniture consists of home-manufactured table, stools, &c., a deer's antlers fastened to the wall serve as a clothes' hook, near by are suspended a gun and powder horn. Seated before the hearth on which a fire is blazing cheerily, are a man and woman of middle age, the one is mending a mocassin, the other darning a stocking, whilst a favourite kitten sits purring upon her lap. A young man is repairing his snow-shoes—his faithful dog is seated near

by, watching with eager eye every motion, apparently anticipating another stag-hunt. Two young females are seated at a table sewing a dress, the texture of which is superior to that commonly worn in the forest. One of them is apparently absorbed in thought yet restless, as if impressed with solicitude for her expected lover. As the evening advances more impatient become her feelings ; a dozen times has she opened the door and peered over the clearance, but he comes not, neither is his voice heard among the wailings of the tall pines. Even after the others of the family had retired to rest she sat for hours by the side of the old hearth gazing upon the glowing embers, peopling them with the living forms of her own creation, and waiting for the arrival of her expected suitor. All was gloom—over the bright affections of her heart melancholy was darkly foreboding. The very woods around, enveloped in their shrouds of snow, seemed more ghastly and grim-like, whilst the cold winds of a bleak December harped a requiem among the boughs. Restless and disappointed she at length retired to bed to seek the balm of slumber with which to soothe her troubled soul. This young, beautiful and accomplished maiden of the forest was none other than Idaline Gilfillan. Josiah had promised to be with her that evening at the furthest ; but days and nights in endless succession passed away, and he came not. She suspected no unfaithfulness on his part ; but felt apprehensive that he had lost his way and perished in the woods or fallen a victim to the wolves.

One evening about three weeks afterwards, an elderly and somewhat respectable like person made his appearance at Gilfillan's shanty. Although a stranger he was apparently acquainted with the proposed union of Josiah and Idaline. He instantly recognized the intended bride by the descrip-

tion given him. Having taken a hurried view of the house and household he inquired if they were acquainted with a person by the name of Josiah Gill, &c., &c. Mr. Gilfillan, not knowing the character of the person or his business, replied to his questions in a literal manner without any remarks.

"I am the father of Josiah Gill," said the stranger. "During the last three weeks I have waited in vain the return of my son, and having heard no intelligence of him I became apprehensive; consequently, I have been compelled to go in search of him."

By the manner and appearance of the stranger, at first, Idaline was forcibly impressed. Her feelings oscillated betwixt hope and fear, a crimson flush for a moment played fantastically upon her features, and was succeeded by a yellow paleness; and when the stranger had revealed himself, stranger feelings pervaded her soul; the warm uprisings of her heart were chilled by a nervous tremor which produced feelings akin to death.

Early next morning Messrs. Gill and Gilfillan started off in quest of Josiah. They found no further trace of him after the night referred to. But Mr. Shearer informed them that Josiah had left his shanty on the morning of the 17th of December—that he had gone by the lumber-road, in the direction of Hemmingford, and anything further of him he knew not.

"Perhaps he has strayed from the pathway, and perished in the woods," added Mrs. Shearer.

Notwithstanding the kindness and feasible-like policy of the Shearer family, they however felt suspicious that Josiah had been foully dealt with. Mr. Gill recognized several articles in their possession that Josiah had when he left home; but these alone were not of sufficient evidence. To

search for his body, amid the depths of winter was in all probability useless. Even had he been murdered his body no doubt was obscurely concealed beneath the snow, and every mark of the foul deed obliterated.

They, however, entertained a slight hope that he may have gone to some more distant settlements to dispose of his remaining goods, and would eventually return. Should he not, they were determined that a thorough research would be made whenever the snow had disappeared.

It became the general opinion among the neighbours that Josiah had been murdered by the Shearers, and at length they were tantalized without mercy. Ghost stories of the murdered pedlar were set afloat. Strange apparitions were seen nightly about the place, and strangled cries of "murder, murder," were heard.

Mr. Shearer, apprehending the danger of remaining longer in the place, removed his family and effects during the night; and for some time afterwards their destination was unknown.

Winter at length departed from the forest, and spring was again ushered in, and Mr. Gill visited once more the shanty of Gilfillan; Josiah had not returned, neither had further intelligence of him been received. The excitement was renewed, and after a few hours' research by the inhabitants, his body was discovered under a brush pile, only a short distance from the shanty which had been inhabited by the Shearer family. Stains of blood were found on the wall of the room wherein he had slept; and previous indications also augmented the evidence that he had been murdered by the Shearers. The startling realities of so hideous a crime produced an alarming tremour throughout the neighbourhood. Universal indignation against the Shearers became rampant, and Mr. Gill was at length urged

to pursue and prosecute the perpetrators of so brutal an outrage. Subsequently, he and Mr. Gilfillan departed for Montreal, called upon Henry Forbes, the person who had purchased Mr. Shearer's property, and by him were informed that the family had gone to reside with a relative in the vicinity of Kingston, C.W. Thither, Messrs. Gill and Gilfillan directed their course. Having procured a warrant of arrest, and, accompanied by a constable, they pursued in search, and finally succeeded in ferreting out the Shearers, a few miles north of the city. They were inhabiting a miserable shanty, immured among the woods, the objects of squalid poverty and degradation. They were soon apprised of the bailiff's errand, and though apparently much alarmed, they stoutly pleaded in the name of God their innocence of the crime. Mr. Shearer only was apprehended: he was taken before a magistrate's court, but was subsequently sent to prison to await his trial at the criminal assize.

The following morning disclosed an eventful scene. His body was found lifeless in the cell—his throat lacerated from ear to ear. And the following paragraph pencilled upon paper was lying on his couch beside him :

"*Heaven knows that I am guilty ! Hell is yawning for me ! I will rather precipitate myself thither by my own hand than be forced thereinto by a cruel jury and a grinning hangman ! Gill, forgive me, no longer will thy spirit torment me unless thou art in hell also ! Oh, the accursed love of gold ! the demon of my own and thy destruction. But I will willingly sacrifice my life to pay thine. Heaven forgive the deed ! I die.*

HENRY SHEARER.

JUNE 15th, 1814.

Thus died the murderer by his own hands—and may the following lines be engraven upon the coffin-lids of such degraded and infernal monsters in human shape :

> Ignoble lives deserve inglorious deaths ;
> But he who whets his sword upon men's bones,
> And cuts the cord by which life hangs to time,
> Then thrusts his dagger in the face of Deity,
> And madly thus precipitates himself
> Into the surging whirlpool of his own blood,
> The hell of hells is his—a hell that lies
> Unfathom'd depths beneath the hell of devils.

A few additional words are all that is necessary to complete the outlines of my history of the Shearer family.

A few years previous to these events, Jacob Powley, a brother of Mrs. Shearer, settled on a farm a few miles north of Kingston. Being an old bachelor and becoming somewhat disabled he had written to the Shearers during their residence at Russeltown, desiring them to remove thither, promising to grant them possession of his land for the mere trifle of supporting him as one of their own family. Thither they had all gone, subsequent to the murder, and in Powley's old hovel, were living when discovered by their pursuers.

The overwhelming reality of Shearer's crime and death produced so powerful a shock upon the shattered nerves of old Jacob Powley, that he died shortly afterwards. He was interred in an old burying-ground adjacent to the Kingston cemetery, three miles north of the city. A rude stone was erected over his remains, and in letters of an uncouthly form, contains the following eccentric epitaph. The stone still stands as a sentinel of the dead. Three years ago I visited the spot, and copied the inscription. As a literary specimen of epitaphian curiosities, I submit it to the perusal of my readers.

INSCRIPTION.

Here lays the body of Jacob Powley, who gave much satisfaction until the last period when he sat in his chair Facing the door on the 21*st day of June,* 2 *o'clock afternoon, year* 1814. *He lay down His Hed without a struggle or a groan to sleep in silence being aged* 69 *yrs.* 8 *mts. and* 7 *dys.*

Shortly after these events the Shearer family removed to another part of the country; but whatever place or position they chanced to occupy, their conscience and their character would be branded with the bloody stamp of an eternal infamy.

The horrid fate of Josiah Gill preyed heavily upon the mind of Idaline. Like the foliage of a tree whose roots have been lacerated and laid bare, her vernal charms began to droop, and continued to wither in the sunshine of nature; and ere yon moon had six times filled its circle, she passed away from the turmoils and sorrows of this life. She was buried by the side of her departed lover, on a little eminence among the trees, which place formed the nucleus of the present burying-ground of Russeltown Flats. A wooden tablet, that has long since disappeared, was erected by the Gill and Gilfillan families, as a memorial of them, and bearing the following inscription:

Here lie the bodies of Josiah Gill, aged 26, *and Idaline Gilfillan,* 22 *years—espoused lovers, whose deaths were premature, but their lives and loves are eternal.*

On wedded wings their spirits soar
Above the confines of the dead:
Eternity's their marriage tour,
And Heaven is now their nuptial bed.

Under these beautifully expressive lines, some reckless and unfeeling poetaster sometime afterwards pencilled the following inappropriate apostrophe :

> Here on his back without his pack
> Now rests the murder'd pedlar, Gill ;
> He told falsehoods about his goods,
> And tho' he's dead he *lieth* still.

Fifty-two years have passed away since that eventful tragedy. The inhabitants of that age have disappeared from the place ; and a new race has arisen instead thereof, few of whom have been made familiar with those events. Nevertheless, they are true, and though they belong to a past age they can never be conjured up but with feelings of regret, horror, and detestation.

TALE VIII.

OUR FIRST ATTEMPT AT SUGAR MAKING.

> Insatiate man! for thy capacious maw,
> Thy perjured tastes and pamper'd appetites,
> And wants luxurious, old nature groans:
> *The maple bleeds*, and earth's rich veins are sapp'd.

The sugar-season of Canada, though short, is generally pleasant—it being that period when winter relaxes its sternness, and gradually diffuses its ingredients into the genial elements of Spring. The very idea of locating one's self for a while among the woods, surrounded by the opening beauties of the year, is of itself sufficient to diffuse inspiration and enjoyment within the feelings that have been for months subjected to the sternness and sterility of winter. Every day enhances the vernal prospect, and lends a livelier relish to the mind. The snow is rapidly disappearing beneath the genial touch of the sun and southern breezes. Crows are fluttering among the dense branches of the tall hemlock, and loudly announcing their arrival; whilst others of the birds of passage are seen and heard among the trees. The partridge is flapping his exultant wings, causing the air to vibrate like distant thunder; and the newly awakened bee is buzzing past, exercising his little wings, and, perchance, in search of some tiny bud or flower. The squirrel, in joyous activity, is figuring off

fantastic feats, and twittering an exulting solo; whilst the little chipmunk, awakened from his winter dreams, is also revelling in the feast of universal jubilee.

Sugar-making, although sometimes laborious, and perhaps injurious to health, is often characteristic of many singular incidents and amusements. Many a little evening party is collected around the cabin fire to participate in the *sweets* and enjoyments of a "melting off,"—many a spicy jest and jocular song and story divert the social youths, and, perchance, many a hymeneal *match* has been *lighted* by *sparks* from the altar of affection during those merry-making feasts of sugar-making.

Of the many incidents and night gatherings I have witnessed, much might be written, but for the present I will only indulge my pen in a narration of the following events which have given a lasting impression to my memory; and therefore I will now introduce my readers to

OUR FIRST ATTEMPT AT SUGAR-MAKING.

Many years ago we located ourselves upon a bush farm, on which was an excellent sugary. My father, unaccustomed to bush labour, never ventured to try sugar-making until a year or two afterwards, when he was persuaded by a son of one of our neighbours, and who agreed to superintend the work on condition that the products would be equally divided. Having got every requisite thing in readiness, we tapped our trees, and commenced the operation of boiling, &c. Sugar-making being quite a novelty to us, our whole family spent the first day in the woods, a part of which time John, our partner, endeavoured to interest our minds with a wild and extravagant collection of wolf

and bear stories, and Highland witch-legends, etc., so that as evening approached we all felt somewhat apprehensive of our condition, lest some voracious bear—or rather bug-bear—would make a *bare*faced appearance amongst us. John was rather an eccentric fellow, and possessed of an extraordinary fund of marvellous legends and forest adventures, with an excellent faculty of giving to them an extravagant expression. He was also noted for playing tricks, and oftentimes his poor old father was made the subject of his foul propensity. The following are specimens:

One hot day the old man suspended a keg of butter into the well to cool. The young rascal, unperceived, cut the rope, and down went the butter through ten feet of water. The father, suspecting him to be the perpetrator, immediately attempted to apply a dose of Solomon's birch-wood remedy to his son's back, but the young rascal escaped into the garret by a ricketty ladder, followed by his father, who, whilst attempting to get up, received the contents of a box of flour over his head. Emboldened by increased anger, though half blinded and suffocated, he resumed the attempt; but on placing his fingers over the ceiling boards, the wild scamp dealt him an iron rap across the knuckles, causing the old man to relinquish his hold and retreat as the vanquished hero. At another time his father sent him to the pasture to bring home the old nag, on which he intended to ride a few miles. John having prepared a small package of powder, concealed it within the tail of the horse. As soon as the old fellow had mounted the saddle, John, on pretence of adjusting the tail, lighted the fuse, and away cantered the old horse, whilst the young blackguard stood watching with eager eye the expected upshot. The horse and rider had gone but a short distance when, bang! went

the terrific explosion, and up went the hinder heels of the animal, followed by a convulsive bound forward, giving the old fellow a spasmodic hoist from the saddle, and nearly precipitating him to the ground. Away went the horse and rider, Gilpin-like, at the rate of "two-forty" along the road, and in the twinkling of a few seconds were out of sight, leaving a cloud of smoke as the only vestige of the strange phenomenon.

Notwithstanding these outrageous freaks of John's character, he was possessed of some excellent qualities; his kindness was liberally served out to those whom he considered as his friends, and as he grew in years he learned to grow wiser and better.

John's wolf and bear stories in the sugar-bush, that day, as I said, had a tendency to alarm us; therefore we endeavoured to sugar off before nightfall, but were disappointed. Having, however, reduced the liquid to the quantity of three pailsful, we started for home, intending to "melt it off" there. No sooner had we entered the house and set down the pails, than John's mastiff stepped boldly forward to smell their contents. This gave ours an occasion to call him to account, consequently a furious canine combat ensued. The tremendous onslaught aroused the voracious energies of our old tom-cat, who sprang into the fiercest part of the action and fought like a Bengalian tiger. My father and John jumped forward to separate the trio-combatants; but during the heat and hurry of the affray, tables, stools and chairs were precipitated, and the weaker part of our family thrown into convulsive frenzy. One pailful of the saccharineous liquid was overset and the reeking element scattered over the floor; and worse than all, poor John got one of his hands lacerated to the bone by

the grinders of the ferocious mastiffs. Having subdued the combatants and adjusted the disorder, we placed the remaining syrup into a pot and hung it over the chimney fire so as to convert the liquid into sugar. Having boiled it for some time we considered it prudent to postpone sugaring off until morning, and therefore, placed the pot and its contents under a ladder that led up to the garret. John agreed to remain over night; but before our retiring to bed, my father, as usual, commenced the devotional exercises of family worship. Praise and reading were followed by prayer, and we all knelt around the old hearth. I always dreaded this part of the service, as my father's prayers appeared to me to be extremely tedious and unnecessarily lengthy, and frequently before he was midway through I was fast asleep. This night, as usual, the finger of Morpheus began to steal over my eyelids, mesmerizing me into a dreamy slumber; but I was suddenly startled into consciousness by the caterwauling of our old cat at the head of the stairway, whither he had fled after the battle; he was apparently anxious to retrace his way, but was deliberating upon the safety of the long steps of the ricketty old ladder. Finally he attempted to descend, and whilst groping his way down, unfortunately slipped over the second bar, and made a desperate struggle to retain his hold; but poor tom, unable to regain his position, fell, and plunged over head and ears into the pot of scalding syrup, and gave vent to his sufferings by a hideous death-like yell. Quicker than lightning he sprang out, and ran to and fro over the room, kicking and stamping like an infuriated fiend, and giving vent to a series of unearthly yells, louder and more terrific than the woful wails of the Tartarean furies. The wild convulsive gestures and cries of the infuriated animal acted like

magic on my risibilities, and John and I burst into unrestrainable fits of laughter. My father appeared to become perfectly bewildered in his devotions, but after a momentary pause resumed, and prayed louder and more emphatically than ever. St. Paul says that the prayers of a righteous man availeth much; but whatever virtue there was in my father's prayer it produced no effect upon me on that occasion; for, John and I, unable to maintain our equanimity, gave louder and longer bursts to our convulsive risibilities. My mother, who was near to me, after smoothing off the wrinkles of laughter from her own countenance, turned round with saint-like visage and gave me a rigid rebuke; but finding it to prove ineffectual she had recourse to another expedient; so clinching hold of the tongs, she brought, with the whole force of her arm, their metal weight over my back, causing me to roar and bellow like an outrageous maniac, and overwhelming the voice of prayer. My father being completely confounded by such a series of singular events, and fearing to proceed further, lest a more frightful or fatal calamity might befal, endeavored to stammer out a few unmeaning sentences, and abruptly wound up his ejaculations with a short amen. Thus ended our devotional exercises for the night, and

TALE IX.

PRISCILLA POMINVILLE, THE CAPTIVE GIRL;

OR,

THE RAID OF THE MOHAWKS.

The hoary saint as a martyr stood,
Bound fast to an ancient oak,
Praising his God 'midst the burning wood,
And volumes of flame and smoke,
Whilst the wild men joined in the festal dance,
And shouted his death-doom'd knell,
Like the chorus of fiends o'er a sin-gilt soul
As it enters the gates of hell.

CANADA, though barren of ancient history and the vestiges of its barbarous ages, is in itself replete with incidents and events, many of which occurred during the bloody struggles of its early settlement. But ere the foot of the white man had ventured upon its soil, ages had rolled over its dense forests—the solitary haunts of the uncivilized Indian, and the savage brute. Its mountains had echoed to the Indian war-whoop, and its intervals to the chant of savage revelry. Its dark recesses had been traversed by hordes of painted warriors, and its rivers, rippled only by the bark canoe; its forests had enregistered upon their leaves volumes of barbarous deeds, too dark indeed to be lighted up by the

torch of civilization; and, star-like, they vanished with the darkness at the approach of an enlightened age.

The Indian tribes inhabiting Canada at the time of its discovery, were chiefly those of the Algonquin, Huron, and Iroquois. The former occupied the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, east from Montreal; the Hurons extended westward to the Great Lakes; the Iroquois were distributed over a vast territory bordering on the southern shores of Lakes Erie, Ontario, and the river St. Lawrence. The origin and early history of these tribes are somewhat obscure. It appears, however, that the Iroquois and Hurons were kindred tribes, and belonged originally to a formidable confederacy. The Iroquois, on their arrival in the country, settled in the vicinity of Hochelaga; subsequently, they became subject to the Algonquins. Becoming numerous in the course of time, they made an effort to establish their independence, but were defeated. They then fled to the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, and eventually became a most powerful nation, and a formidable and inveterate enemy to the Algonquins and Hurons.

During the early part of the seventeenth century, the French made an effort to establish a colony in Canada. As a means to facilitate their progress in the discovery and settlement of the country, they entered into friendly relation with the Algonquins and Hurons, and by so doing rendered themselves open to the aggressions of the Iroquois, who were still hostile to those tribes. As a means to introduce Christianity and education among the Indians, France sent out a number of Jesuits and nuns. In 1635 a college for that purpose was erected at Quebec. In 1642 a settlement was formed on the present site of the city of Montreal, at which place in the same year the Jesuits founded the

Hotel Dieu, a seminary for the youths of both the French and the Indians. In 1644 the Iroquois concerted a bold scheme, by which they hoped to exterminate the French and subdue the allied tribes. They distributed themselves into several bands over the country, and on a given day were to make a general attack upon their enemies. But their design being discovered, they were foiled in the attempt, notwithstanding which, numbers of the French were killed. In 1648-9 they committed a series of terrible massacres upon the Hurons, routed them completely, and eventually forced them to flee for shelter to the upper lakes. The Iroquois having so far successfully executed their design, renewed their aggressions against the French. Fierce hostilities ensued. Several treaties at different periods were subsequently formed, but failed to establish permanent peace. At length the English, having taken possession of a part of the country south of the St. Lawrence, ingratiated themselves with the Iroquois. This tended to produce greater enmity in the minds of the French, who, having failed to subdue the Iroquois, had recourse to a perfidious strategem. Under pretext of desiring a treaty with them, they decoyed a number of their counsel chiefs to Quebec, and there seized and sent them to France as slaves. The Iroquois, in retaliation, committed a series of deadly ravages upon the French. The most frightful of these occurred in the neighbourhood of Montreal. Suddenly, one night in August of 1689, the Mohawks, a tribe of the Iroquois, attacked the village of Lachine, massacred all its inhabitants, and left it only a heap of smouldering ruins. Encouraged by success, they invaded Montreal, and having destroyed numbers of its population and pillaged the town, they withdrew, carrying with them,

as captives, to the number of sixty-five, the Jesuits, nuns, and pupils of the Hotel Dieu. Having re-crossed the St. Lawrence above Lachine, they continued their course westward up the stream, until they came to the outlet of the Chateauguay river. There they encamped for the night, built a fire, and held their usual "Santanago," or Grand Feast of Victory. Still thirsting with revenge for blood, more especially that of the religious order, whom they considered to be their worst enemies, they inflicted a series of tortures upon five of their captives by thrusting pointed sticks into their eyes and noses, cutting off their ears, and then scalping them. Their victims were then bound to a tree, fagots were piled around them, and set on fire, followed by the "Tianago," or circle dance, which they continued, accompanied by chorus and shouts of triumph, until their victims were consumed. Then, gathering up the ashes and charred remains, they threw them into the river, offering the "Casago," or prayer of gratitude to the "Good Spirit."

Next morning they resumed their route by way of the Chateauguay, and on the evening of that day arrived at the junction of the "Powaska," now known as the English River, where they also encamped, burned other five of their captives, and scattered their ashes into the water. On the following day they ascended this stream, and at the mouth of the "Sieska" (East River,) now Norton Creek, they sacrificed one of the nuns to their earthly demigods. Three miles further up, they came to the outlet of the "Nuka," or Black River, where now stands the village of Chrysostom. Here they were met by a band of the "Oneydœs," one of their kindred tribes, who, on hearing of the premeditated attack upon Montreal by the Mohawks, were on their way

thither to render them assistance. Elated with the news of the successful exploits, but more especially the sight of so many captives, and 500 scalps of their enemies, the Oneydœs, with more than usual alacrity, joined with their kindred tribe in the wild revelry of another triumphal Santanago. Having pitched their encampment by the side of the river where it glided rapidly over a flat rock, they commenced their grand carnival by an insatiable indulgence in the liquor and viands of their pillage, interspersing their festal banquet by a recital of their adventures and achievements. They erected there a rude altar of stones, adjoined by two smaller ones. They dedicated the one to "Manitou" —the great Spirit of Life—the two others in honour of "Sanaska" and "Soraso"—the demi-deities of fire and water. Each of these altars had a cavity, which they filled with wood. The "Powows," or chief-priests, then selected from the captives one of the most patriarchial Jesuit fathers, and two of the eldest nuns, bound and placed them upon the altar for a burnt sacrifice. Having offered up a prayer to each of the three deities, and chanted a song of praise, they kindled the dry fagots. They and the Sachems then marched in procession around the blazing altars, each carrying a pole, to which were attached a number of scalps, and singing the "Pascalapa," or song of the "dead-march," whilst a second party, consisting of the eldest and noted warriors, performed the Tianago, and responding with full chorus. The others joined in the promiscuous dance, producing all sorts of grotesque gestures, grimaces and mimicry, and causing the very woods to ring with their terrific yells.

The very thought of such barbarous cruelties, and such mad revelry of human monsters, rendered even more awful

by their painted faces and feathered heads, causes a thrill of horror within the soul. What a contrast of country is now presented to us—a country over whose surface then an interminable wilderness had for ages cast its deep and solemn shade, where, amid the gloom that gathered over it, might have been seen the Indians at their war-dance, or, perhaps, flames curling round some expiring captive, or wild beasts mangling their prey. We now see smiling fields and cheerful villages in the place of dismal forests; instead of beasts of prey we see grazing herds; instead of the burning fagot, we witness the worship of Jesus Christ; and instead of the appalling war-whoop, we listen to the songs of David. In the words of Scripture, the wilderness has indeed begun to blossom as the rose, and the desert is becoming vocal with the praises of God.

The Indians having prolonged their carnival to a late hour of the night, retired to rest, wearied and intoxicated, leaving their prisoners lying bound upon the cold earth. When sleep had closed the eyelids of the red men, one of the Jesuits succeeded in slipping the bands from his hands, and giving liberty to the other captives. Unperceived, they withdrew into the woods, and effected an immediate escape. At early dawn the "sogo" was sounded through every wigwam, and ere long, eight hundred warriors were in hot pursuit, scouring the woods in every direction. Only one Jesuit, five nuns, and fifteen pupils were discovered, and taken back. One of the Indians was, however, killed in the struggle of the re-capture. Then commenced a series of tortures of the most appalling and cruel character. Some of the captives were literally flayed alive; others were suspended by the heels over a slow fire, and pointed sticks thrust into their bodies. The Jesuit was

scalped, his skin was lacerated and perforated by hot irons, and a solution of salt and vinegar thrown into the wounds. He was then bound to an oak tree, a fire was kindled about him, and in the agonies of a cruel death, he expired amid the savage howls of the infuriated fiends. Then began the burial rites of the Indian who was slain. Having placed him upon a bier covered with turf, the chief priest removed from his face the stains of the blood and paint, filled every cavity of his body with moss, and then sprinkled a solution of ashes and water over him, uttering in solemn tones: "Wasconaka wahoo socohasca" (ashes and water will revive thy spirit, and animate thy body in Elysium.) Having wrapped the corpse in furs, and fastened thereto his weapons, and the scalps he had taken in battle, a short prayer by the chief priest was offered up to Manitou; at the end of which the other priests or chiefs, standing round the body holding torch lights, chanted, with doleful voice, the "hoolahoo," or mourning requiem. The chief priests then cried, with a loud voice: "Soo hoo; sohaca, sosto, soca, soohoo hoo," which was responded to by the whole company of mourners, in loud chorus, crying, "Soo-hoo, soohoo, soohoo," whereupon four of the chiefs, as bearers, lifted the bier and marched off towards the grave, followed by the other chiefs and company, carrying cedar torches, and howling in doleful and most lamentable tones. On the point at the junction of the Black and English Rivers, his grave was dug; it was only about three feet deep; pieces of wood covered its bottom, over which was a layer of moss. Into this shallow cavity the body of the great warrior was deposited, the chief priest uttering with solemn intonations: "Manitou Allalooka" (Spirit of Life receive this body). A covering of moss was then placed

over the corpse, then layers of oak leaves and turf; a flat stone was then placed over the mound, bearing the rude likeness of the turtle, the totem, or insignia of the Mohawks. The chief priest then wound up the funeral service by repeating in solemn tones, the last tribute to the dead, thus: "Sascasago corasga camoraskanaka, hoola coragyaka, yah;" which, being interpreted, reads thus: "Though dead, we love thee; thou goest to prepare a hunting ground for us; remember us to our friends there; may the good spirit favour thee; we wish thee success; farewell. Amen." The whole assembly then, as with one voice, and their faces sun-ward, shouted three times the words—"Allak, alla, oyaka yak." The burial ceremonies being then closed, the whole party returned to their wigwams, to again riot in the revelry of a licentious feast, and indulge in the fire-water, that essence of iniquity, and the great curse and life-destroyer of humanity, not only of the Indian, but of myriads of the white men, whose duty it is, and whose object it should be, to promote virtue and felicity, by rearing upon the ruins of their discarded vices the superstructure of a real religion, whose author is the Lord Jesus.

I may here add that the rites of burial among the Indians varied but little throughout the Continent. Among some tribes, however, the dead were buried in a sitting posture, with their faces towards the east, or were placed on a high scaffold, either sitting or lying, and wrapped in skins. The religious notions of the Indians consisted of traditions, mingled with many superstitions. Like the ancient Greeks, Romans, Persians, Hindoos, &c., they believed in the existence of two Gods—the good and the evil spirit. They worshipped both, and of both formed images to which they

paid religious homage. Besides these, they worshipped various other deities, such as fire, water, thunder, &c.—anything which they conceived to be superior to themselves, and capable of doing them injury.

* * * * & *

On the night which the captives took flight, Priscilla Pominville, a French girl of fourteen years of age, was the only one who denied herself the means of venturing an escape. However, some of the Indians desired to destroy her also, but the chief sachem was possessed of sufficient honour and humanity as to preserve her life, and she became his slave, or servant of his household. On the morning after the burial, the two tribes separated, and the Mohawks pursued their course towards Lake Champlain, and continued up the lake, thence by Lake George to the Hudson River, and finally landed at their hunting grounds on the Mohawk, where their wives and families had remained. It was, indeed, a long and perilous journey for the captive girl. How singularly impressive must have been her feelings and reflections; how fervent her desires to be restored to her parental home and all that were near and dear to her; and how passing strange to her the sudden transition of her circumstances. Taken from the religious cloisters of a convent, she had become the inmate of a wigwam, a companion of savages, and the beholder of the brutal deeds of men more savage and less honourable than the bestial denizens of the forest.

Shortly after this eventful raid of the Mohawks, Count Frontenac, a brave and enterprising officer, was reinstated as Governor of Canada. Inflamed with resentment against the Iroquois for their brutal outrages, and irritated against the English for their encroachments and treacherous hos-

tilities, he fitted out three expeditions in the dead of winter against the Indians and colonists inhabiting Maine, New Hampshire, and New York. The party destined against the latter place penetrated their way southward through the extensive and almost impenetrable forest; and in the dead of night in February, 1690, fell upon Schenectady, a village on the Mohawk River, inhabited chiefly by white settlers; houses were broken open and set on fire, men and women were dragged from their beds, and, with their sleeping infants, were inhumanly murdered. Sixty persons perished in the massacre, thirty were made prisoners; whilst the rest of the inhabitants, mostly naked, fled through the deep snow, either suffering extremely, or perishing in the cold. One of the thirty prisoners was Priscilla Pominville. She had been purchased from the chief shortly after her arrival at the Mohawk, by an English gentleman, a peltry trader of Schenectady, and from him she had received the kindest treatment; but on that fatal night he and his household were massacred. Priscilla, however, providentially escaped a similar fate. When the deadly weapon, streaming with the blood of her benefactors, was about to descend upon her, in the language of her country, she exclaimed, "*Oh, ne m'otez pas la vie, et je serai votre esclave*" (Oh, save my life, and I will be thy slave,) and she was saved. But it was not her beauty, her entreaties, nor her tender years, but it was her language, the identical language of those lawless desperadoes, her very countrymen, that saved her. Blood-thirsty as they were, and boiling with revenge, at the sound of their native tongue, even among their enemies, their heart instantly responded with a thrill of kindred sympathy, and the hand that was uplifted to strike the fatal blow became paralysed, and she was saved.

Elated as she was when she had discovered that these murderers were her own countrymen, her deliverers, still she felt the more so when she realized that the person who had lifted up the weapon to destroy her life was none other than Fernandeau, her own, her only brother! and as great were his surprise and joy when he had recognized by the voice and features of the half-dressed maiden, that she was in reality his sister, she, for whose sake he had taken up arms, and for whose life he had sworn to avenge the enemies of his country.

That was, indeed, a fatal night—fatal alike to the English settler and the Indian. Whilst the French soldiers were at their savage work, massacreing indiscriminately the defenceless inhabitants of Schenectady, a band of the Hurons, their bloody associates, had suprised the Mohawk encampment of Corlear, in the immediate vicinity, and at the dead hour of night no less than 250 of the Mohawks were destroyed, and they and their wigwams consumed to ashes. It was Indian against Indian, French against English. Resentment was revenged and gratified, and the treacherous murderers withdrew.

The terrible massacre was soon discovered by others of the Mohawks, and ere the final sounds of the retreating foe had ceased to be heard in the distance, 500 warriors of that bloody tribe were in hot pursuit. The terrific war-whoop was sounded, and the work of death begun. One hundred and twenty of the French and Hurons were destroyed, thirty-five were captured; two hundred and forty-five were, however, successful in reaching Montreal, assuming the honour of conquerors instead of being conquered. Comparatively few of the Mohawks were killed. Among those of the French was the young and gallant Fernandeau.

Priscilla being among the captives who were re-taken, fell again into the hands of the Indians. The prisoners of Schenectady were released, but Priscilla became the property of the old chief, her former master and preserver. The French and Huron prisoners were scalped, some of whom were then roasted alive; others received deep wounds in the fleshy parts of their bodies, into which sticks on fire were thrust, and thus tortured to death.

Roused by the atrocities of the French and Hurons, an expedition of the neighbouring colonies was immediately resolved upon for the utter destruction of Montreal and Quebec. This project proving to be unsuccessful, Major P. Schuyler, the next year, 1691, with 3,000 men, nearly half Mohawks and Schakooks Indians, made an attack on the French settlements north of Lake Champlain, and although compelled at length to retreat, they succeeded in killing several hundreds of their enemies, with a loss to themselves of 165. Among the number of the Mohawk warriors in this expedition was Ponavaska, the master of Priscilla. During this expedition the wives and families of the Indians were left at home in their encampments. Priscilla had not been subjected to any cruelties by the Indians, nevertheless she was unhappy, still rendered the more so by the untimely fate of her loving brother. His scalp, and the scalps of her murdered countrymen, were ever before her eyes; and even those were sufficient to make her life miserable and disconsolate; therefore, she contemplated her escape when the Indian warriors were absent. At the dead of night, and unperceived, she fled from her Indian wigwam, with the hope of reaching at length her distant home in Canada. She followed the Mohawk River until daylight, when, fearing the approach

of pursuers, she darted northward into the depths of the unbroken wilderness, through which she continued her flight until the third day, when she entered upon a settlement in the vicinity of Fort Hunter. Overcome with hunger and exhaustion, she entered a shanty, and in her broken English solicited charity, which was readily and freely given to her.

Forseeing the danger and difficulties of a further attempt to reach her home through an interminable forest, pervaded only by the savage beast, and men more savage, she consented to remain with Mr. Ruthven, the proprietor of this dwelling, who kindly offered her a place in his household. In the bosom of this family she found a comfortable home. Mrs. Ruthven was a woman of education and piety, and from her Priscilla received many a useful lesson, and was treated as one of her own children. Mr. Ruthven promised her that as soon as hostilities were suspended, he would convey her to her home in Canada. But six years passed away ere a treaty was effected and peace restored. The details of individual suffering which occurred during this war alone, were they faithfully recorded, would excite the sympathies of the most unfeeling bosom. It was marked by atrocities the most cruel and devilish in the civil war of nations—crimes too hideous and revolting for the feelings of humanity, deeds too bloody to be recorded on the page of history. Whole villages and settlements were at one blow made desolate, their inhabitants massacred, and their bodies committed to the flames of their own dwellings; a few were occasionally made prisoners by those savage fiends to become the victims of their torture, and on whom they might wreak and prolong the cruelties of revenge. Infants of captive women, when they became

troublesome to the Indians, were dispatched by being dashed against a tree or stone in the sight of their parents, or to add to the anguish of a mother her babe was sometimes lacerated with a scourge, and then thrown into a pot of boiling water, or a fire, prepared to receive it. But I must forbear; my sympathies are affected, and my pen refuses to describe further such tortures and atrocities;

> The crimes of nature's earth-born sons
> Who bear the human form and name—
> Crimes that would make the angels weep,
> And devils blush with dread and shame.

During the six years that Priscilla lived in the Ruthven family, the settlers of that district had been constantly endangered, and though frequently attacked by their assailants it was not until the spring of 1797, a few months previous to the treaty, that the hand of the red-man fell heavily upon them. During the afternoon of the 17th of April, an attack was made upon the settlement by a fierce band of the Huron tribe; so well concerted was their scheme, that on a given signal, almost every house in the settlement was simultaneously attacked.

Upon the first alarm Mr. Ruthven flew from a neighbouring field to his family with the hope of hurrying them to a place of safety. He commanded his children to flee to the woods, the elder to assist the younger, whilst he and Priscilla would endeavour to aid his wife, who was confined to the bed with an infant of only two weeks old. The children instantly concealed themselves in the bushes; but just as the others were about to depart, the terrific war-whoop was heard, and three savages, thirsting for the blood of death, abruptly bounded towards the door, which Mr.

Ruthven had just bolted; finding it thus closed, they lifted on end a heavy stick of timber that lay before the house, and let it fall against the door, causing it to fly in pieces; but just at this moment as the savages were about to bound forward with their bloody hatchets, Mr. Ruthven fired upon them with a heavy charge of ball and buckshot. Two of them immediately fell; the third however attempted to plunge his hatchet into the brains of Mr .Ruthven, but at that instant he received a blow from the butt end of his opponent's musket that sent him reeling to the floor, and left him wallowing in his own blood.

Mr. Ruthven immediately removed his wife and child with Priscilla to a place of temporary security near by; and, mounting his horse, he galloped off to give the alarm to a company of soldiers stationed at Fort Hunter at a distance of four miles; such a ride was not only a hurried but a dangerous one. He was seen by several of the Indians, chased, and fired at several times, but escaped all, and landed at the fort in safety. The soldiers were immediately in order and on the quick march; but during this brief interim no less than fifty-seven of the inhabitants were butchered and their buildings set on fire. The Indians, feeling somewhat apprehensive, withdrew hastily, carrying with them a number of female prisoners, among whom were Mrs. Ruthven and Priscilla, who, under these distressing circumstances, began their march with the other captives into the wilderness. The air was keen, and their path led alternately through snow and deep mud, and their savage conductors delighted rather in the infliction of torment than the alleviation of distress. The company had proceeded but a short distance when an Indian, thinking the child an incumbrance, took it from Priscilla's arm, and

violently terminated its life by dashing out its brains upon a tree. Such of the other captives as began to be weary and incapable of proceeding, the Indians killed with their tomahawks. Feeble as Mrs. Ruthven was, both she and Priscilla sustained with wonderful energy the fatigue and misery attending a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, but they were somewhat more fortunate than a few of the others, as, on account of their beauty, one of the chiefs had claimed them as his property, consequently they received a milder treatment.

On arriving at the place of their destination they found the wigwam of '*Powanowgah*,' their master, to be inhabited by a squaw and seven children. Three months were they confined within the dingy precincts of this prison—whose walls were escutcheoned only with hairy scalps, and whose furniture were the bloody vestiges and weapons of death The jealousy of the squaw subjected them to harsh treatment in the absence of the chief; during which times she acted in the capacity of a lady and they her servants; they had to bring her in wood and water, dress and cook the venison, and also attend to whatever she desired them; and the smallest delinquency on their part was attended by a punishment with the "Flogah," or raw hide scorpion of seven tails. Although miserable and disconsolate, they however affected cheerfulness and contentment; for had they shown dissatisfaction and resentment, the tomahawk would have soon supplied a remedy to their ills. But over this brief but wretched period of their lives, as a respect for their honour and virtue, I will draw the veil of silence—although forbidden to interchange more words than were necessary in their duties of the household, they however hinted a determination to attempt their

escape as soon as a favourable opportunity should occur. To leave was easy but to effect a safe escape was difficult. It happened, however, that in the month of July or about the beginning of August, that the warriors of the Huron tribe, in obedience to the orders of the Governor of Canada, left their wigwams and families, in order to muster for an attack, in conjunction with the French, upon some of the cantons of the Iroquois. This was an auspicious event for Mrs. Ruthven and Priscilla. On the third night after the Indians had gone, they stealthily effected their escape from the wigwam, and plunging into the dense wilderness, pursued their course southward, and on the following morning entered upon Lake Champlain, which served as a guide course during a considerable part of their journey. Day after day they continued their difficult and perilous route, supporting themselves on such fruits and herbs as they could gather from the woods. Near the head of the Lake they were met by some friendly Indians of the Iroquois tribe, and as Priscilla understood some of their language, at her request they acted as guides during the rest of the way. I will not attempt to describe the hardship and sufferings they endured; but it is gratifying to the mind to know that they eventually got safely back to their former residence, after having been exposed to the innumerable perils of their journey and the elements of nature, during a period of no less than nineteen days. On their arrival, neither the shanty, nor its inmates were to be seen; the latter had been destroyed by the Indians, and they were also informed that Mr. Ruthven and family had removed to Boston. After a brief stay in the neighbourhood, to recruit their exhausted energies, they departed, and ere two weeks had elapsed Mrs. Ruthven and Priscilla

were restored to the bosom of that dejected and disconsolate family. Their appearance, however, produced a singular reversion of feelings, and from the depths of their hearts were conjured up sympathies and emotions, too mysterious and intense for pen to describe or language to give embodiment to. Their wonderful adventures were made public. Subsequently they received at the hand of the General Court, a handsome consideration for their extraordinary suffering and conduct. Two years afterwards Priscilla became united to Ranaldo Stewart, a son of a wealthy trader in Boston: he and Priscilla shortly afterwards paid a visit to Canada, with the hope of discovering her parents and relatives. Few indeed of her friends were alive; nearly all had been killed during the years of the terrible massacres. Her parents however, had survived; the frequent losses they had suffered effected a change in circumstances: in the depths of extreme poverty they were dragging out a miserable existence, rendered even more so by the untimely fate of so many of their family and friends. They were immediately conveyed to Boston, and were provided with a comfortable and happy home. As an equal partner, Ranaldo was taken into business with his father. Nor was Mr. Ruthven forgotten: at a high salary he became an agent of their establishment, in the peltry department; success attended them, and ere many years had come and gone they amassed a considerable fortune. Subsequently Mr. Stewart, sen., retired from the business in favour of Ranaldo. For many years afterwards the firm was known as Stewart, Ruthven & Co.

It is unnecessary to follow the heroes and heroines of my story any further, but be it known, that by the earthly tendency of human nature, they all died: be it also known

that the family of Ranaldo and Priscilla removed further southward, and in the course of time the Stewarts became the wealthiest and most distinguished planters of Virginia. Many of their descendants are still residents of the Southern States, some of whom displayed a very active part in the late UNION WAR, and distinguished themselves for their bravery as soldiers, their ability as officers, and their energy and fidelity as patriots of their homes and country.

Tecumseh.

TALE X.

THE BELL OF CAUGHNAWAGA.

Old bell, since first thy voice was heard,
  Thrice fifty years have roll'd,
But what a tale of tragic ills
  Thy brazen lips hath toll'd.
Thy history written is with blood,
  Thy tongue with death resounds;
A thousand Mohawk warriors rest
  Within thy hallowed grounds.

THE Iroquois or Six-Nation-Indians who formerly inhabited a part of Canada and York State, consisted of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras. During the colonial struggles of the French and English for national right and supremacy in both Acadia and New France, these tribes, for the most part, sustained their alliance with the British. In 1666, after many years of barbarous hostilities, a treaty was entered into by the French and Iroquois; during which time the colonies prospered, and the attention of the government was wholly directed towards developing the resources of the country, and its colonization. Desirous of extending the fur trade and securing an exclusive right, they endeavoured to keep on friendly terms with the Iroquois; and opened numerous trading depots along the southern shores of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, so as to carry on a successful

trade with them and divert its channel from the Anglo-colonial-market. One of the principal depots was established at Caughnawaga, on the south bank of the river, opposite Lachine, and at the head of the Sault St. Louis or Lachine rapids, nine miles west from Montreal. During those years of peace and prosperity the Jesuits sought to establish Christianity among the Iroquois, and with some were successful. Every inducement was held forth and every expedient tried, so as to secure their faith and fidelity to the Church and government.

Father Nicholas, a Jesuit, having succeeded in converting a considerable number of the Mohawks, established them at Caughnawaga, in the year 1671, which place is still occupied by their descendants. The situation of the village is one of the most magnificent on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and the village itself is one of the most romantic in the country.

In 1684, the treaty between the French and Iroquois, through some mis-management of De la Barre, the Governor, was broken up. The Iroquois in general manifested dissatisfaction, and, with the exception of those under the care of Father Nicholas, at Caughnawaga, they became again enemies to the French. This tribe, however, continued firm in their faith and fidelity, and lived happy under the parental administration of their kind and religious pastor. Thirteen years he had then laboured among them, and seventeen more passed away, and time was beginning to show decay both upon him and the old chapel in which he had so long officiated. He had no inclination whatever to discomfort his little flock by any large demands upon their pecuniary means; yet his desire was, that ere he should die, he might be the witness to a nobler edifice, erected to the

living God. His desires were however gratified; for in the year 1701, the present church of that village was erected. When the steeple and belfry were finished all that was then requisite to complete the edifice and make it worthy of being consecrated to God, was a bell. Father Nicholas, therefore, in one of his orations explained to his simple hearers that a bell was as necessary in the belfry as a priest to a church, and a church to them, and he exhorted them to collect furs and skins in sufficient number, to enable them to purchase a bell. The Indians were moved with inconceivable ardour to fulfil this religious duty, and ten ballots of skins were promptly made up, and sent to Havre de Grace, in France, and soon the worthy pastor received tidings that the bell was bought and put on board the *Grand Monarque*, which was to sail in a few days for Quebec.

It happened however that shortly previous to this date England and her North American Colonies became involved in another war with France, &c., commonly called Queen Anne's War, which lasted from 1702 until the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713; and in consequence of that hostile occurrence, the *Grand Monarque* never reached her destined port. She was seized by an English cruiser near Sable Island, and taken to New Brunswick;—thence to Salem, where the ship and cargo were condemned as a prize, and sold for the profit of those who had captured her. The bell was bought for the town of Deerfield on the Connecticut River, where the inhabitants had just completed a church which was to be occupied by the Rev. John Williams, one of the most popular preachers of that age. Weeks and months passed away, and Father Nicholas and his little flock waited and watched with deep anxiety the arrival of the bell. At length Nicholas received a letter

from Quebec stating that the vessel and cargo had been seized and sold, and that the bell was purchased for the Protestant Church of Deerfield. He immediately distributed the news, and assembled his community within the Church. He told them of the unfortunate situation of the bell, retained, as he said, in purgatory in the hands of heretics; and, observed to them, how praiseworthy it would be to them to go and take it away. The lecture was in its nature as full of inspiration and feelings as that of the hermit Vetu. The Indians deplored together the misfortune of their bell, which had not yet been baptized. They had no very clear idea of the bell itself, but they knew that Father Nicholas preached and said mass in Church, and they believed that it was for some analogous use in the belfry. They were disconsolate in their misfortune. Night after night they met, and consulted with each other. All were melancholy, and inflamed with a holy enthusiasm; many fasted and prayed, and even submitted themselves to severe penance to obtain the deliverance of the bell from the purgatory of the heretics. At length the day of deliverance drew nigh. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor of Canada, resolved to send an expedition against the British colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, under the command of the infamous Hertel de Rouville. One of the priests of the Jesuits' College immediately dispatched a courier to Father Nicholas to inform him of the projected expedition, with the injunction to embrace the opportunity as a means to procure the bell.

The Indians were again assembled within the church; the courier was placed in the midst of the congregation, and Father Nicholas, in a solemn discourse, held him up to the veneration of the Indians as a heavenly messenger of

happy news. He urged them to form a part of the preparations of war which were making at Quebec, and pressed them to join themselves to the expedition. At the end of the discourse the auditory rose, and shouted the war-cry.

Each retired to his home; and commenced to paint themselves with the most terrible colours of battle, being fully determined to join de Rouville's expedition, and thereby recover their lost bell. It was in the depth of winter when they departed to join the French troops at Chambly.

Father Nicholas marched at their head with a great flag, surmounted by a cross; and as they departed, their wives and children, in imitation of the departure of the Crusaders, sang a sacred hymn which Father Nicholas had taught them for the occasion; and was responded to by the Indians striking up in full chorus as they marched off.

(*English Version.*)

Tho' the night sinks in gloom, the day-light will come,
And the shades will retire in the morning;
The bright King of Day will then march away
While the Earth in his robes he's adorning.
We heed not the shades of our foes that pervade,
For the Day-Star of Bethlehem's before us;
And the bright King of Heaven hath a guide to us given
And the Saints are rejoicing in chorus.

Chorus.

Then we're a-marching, marching, marching on,
Marching along to our foes that's before us;
Marching along with the bell-going song,
And marching, marching along with full chorus

Through an empire of wood over mountain and flood
Our pathway may lead us to danger,
But our cross-flag on high shall our Earth-foe defy,
Tho' we march thro' the land of the stranger.
Heaven's temples will ring with their bell-pealing ding
At the sight of the Saint-Virgin-Mother
As she smiles on our face with a mild, sinless grace,
And claims each of us as her true-sainted brother.

Chorus.

Then we're a-marching, marching, marching on,
Marching along with our loved Akaraga,
Marching along for our church-stolen bell,
The bell of our dear Caughnawaga.

Father Nicholas, seated in his cariole, continued at the head of his followers, and after a day's incredible fatigue, they all landed safely at Chambly, where the French soldiers had just arrived. Next day the whole army, consisting of 500 men, resumed their journey, headed by De Rouville and Father Nicholas, in their carioles.

Having entered upon Lake Champlain, they continued their course, on the ice up the Lake, about 100 miles: where they rested for two days, so as to make arrangements necessary to penetrate the forests which separated them from the inhabited parts of Massachusetts. Here they left their horses, &c., under charge of a small guard until their return. Before leaving this place De Rouville left Father Nicholas to conduct his own division, and placed himself at the head of his own men, and with compass in hand, directed their course towards Deerfield. The French soldiers suffered severely from fatigue and cold, during this long and perilous journey, in the depths of winter, through an almost interminable wilderness. Nothing that

they had endured before was to be compared to the fatigues which day after day with indefatigable ardour they endured; nevertheless, many of them, owing to the length of the journey and the continued obstacles they met with, began to murmur and regret. The patience of Father Nicholas and his devoted band, and the murmurs of the French, offered the most striking contrast. The habit of travelling in the woods prevented the Indians from many inconveniences to which the French were subjected. Animated by a religious zeal, their continued silence had something of the sublime and grand in the greatest severity; not even a single murmur escaped their lips—which called forth the admiration of their companions in arms. No symptoms of fatigue, regret, or fear, averted their determination. Their imagination was excited by the idea of the unhappy captivity of their bell, and this was their only thought during the long and tiresome journey.

Some time before the expedition had arrived at its destination Father Nicholas became sick, occasioned by the fatigue incident to this crusade:—foot-sore and wearied from the travels of the forest, he was often obliged to linger behind, and his former ruddy glow of health had disappeared under the wan, pale visage of the invalid. Nevertheless, he realized that he was engaged in a holy cause; he recollected what the saints and martyrs of other times had endured, surrounded by and in view of churches and spires, and he anticipated the glory that would result to him through all ages, if he could but accomplish the object in which he was engaged.

On the evening of the 29th of February, 1704, after a toilsome march of over two hundred miles, the expedition arrived in the vicinity of Deerfield, without being dis-

covered. De Rouville ordered his men to halt, and to repose and refresh themselves until midnight, and at that hour to attack the village. Father Nicholas was also on hand with his little band of fierce warriors.

As the surface of the snow was frozen over, and crackled under each step, De Rouville, with remarkable sagacity, in order to deceive the English garrison, gave orders, that in going to the assault, the troops were to make frequent pauses as they advanced in separate lines. By this ingenious precaution he deceived the sentinels in the garrison. They believed that the noise occasioned by the advancing troops was caused by the wind blowing on the branches of the trees which were loaded with ice. At length they discovered their mistake—the alarm was given, and a terrible battle took place in the streets: the French fought with their usual valour, and the Indians with that calmness characteristic to them. Finally the garrison was dispersed, forty-seven of the inhabitants were killed, one hundred taken prisoners, and the town, with the exception of the church, was consumed to ashes. One of the number taken as captives was the Rev. Mr. Williams. Awakened by the noise of the attack, he immediately prepared himself for self-defence, and at the first Indian that approached he snapped his pistol, but it missed fire. He was then seized, disarmed, bound, and kept standing in his night clothes in the intense cold nearly an hour, whilst his house was being plundered. Two of his children, together with a black female servant, were butchered before his eyes. The savages, at length suffered his wife and five children to put on their clothes, after which he was allowed to dress, and prepare for a long and melancholy march.

Having completed their work of destruction, the Indians

assembled in a body around Father Nicholas, and prayed him to conduct them to the bell, upon which they might bestow their homage. Having offered up a grateful benediction to God, he started off towards the church, walking betwixt the bearers of the cross and flag, and followed by the others, all of whom were chanting the Te-Deum. Arriving at the holy edifice, De Rouville ordered a French soldier to toll the bell; the sound of which in the silence of the night, and in the midst of the deep forest, rose loud and sonorous, and was to the ears of the Indians as the voice of a divine oracle. At first they trembled and were filled with astonishment and reverential awe; but at length they became so intensely excited with the joyous gratitude of having discovered their bell, that they began to yell, dance, jump and sing like a host of maniacs in their revelry. The French soldiers were wonderfully amused at their ludicrous motions, and even Father Nicholas and De Rouville joined heartily in the universal jocularity and laughter.

Early on the following morning the bell was taken down and placed upon a sled; the pillage of the town was also packed on sleighs, to which the captives were harnessed, and then began the return march of Father Nicholas and the Indians through the dense forests. De Rouville and his soldiers also departed on another route in quest of more slaughter and devastation.

The first night after the departure of the Indians from Deerfield, they murdered Mr. Williams's servant: and, on the day succeeding, finding Mrs. Williams unable to keep pace with the rest, plunged a hatchet into her head. She had recently borne an infant, and was not yet recovered; but her husband was not permitted to assist her. He, himself

was lame, bound, insulted as a heretic, threatened and nearly famished; but what were personal sufferings like these, and even greater than these, to the sight of a wife, under circumstances so tender, inhumanly butchered before his eyes. Before the journey ended, his remaining children and thirty-seven others shared the melancholy fate of Mrs. Williams.

It is impossible to give a true idea of the toils and sufferings of the captives during this journey. Harnessed to sleds like oxen, and goaded on by savages, day after day they struggled onwards, slowly, but incessantly; and subject to all the brutal insults of bigoted barbarity. Father Nicholas had the power to alleviate their sufferings, but he considered them only as heretics and justly deserving of both temporal and eternal punishment. Such of them as became weakly or morose, were relieved from their misery by being inflicted with greater torture so as to cause death.

The company at length arrived at Lake Champlain, where the guard in charge of the horses had been left. Here they rested for two days, during which time the grand feast of triumphal victory was held. Notwithstanding their principles of Christianity their savage natures were not appeased until Father Nicholas had allowed them to sacrifice two of the captives as burnt offerings to the Great God and the Patriarchal Saints, who had led them through the wilderness in safety, and caused them to be successful, and given to them the victory.

All being in readiness to march, Father Nicholas invested the head chief with the command of the army, and having comfortably seated himself in his cariole with his staff of chiefs, he departed homewards in haste, so as to herald their success and the approach of the great bell.

At length the long wished-for molten image and its grand cortège made their appearance near the village of Caughnawaga. The old men, women and children, headed by Father Nicholas, marched forth to welcome and do homage to their long-cherished idol; for they had been informed of its power and marvellous qualities, and they considered its arrival as one of the greatest events that would mark the course of time. At the sight of the brazen image, like the children of Belteshazzar, they fell prostrate upon the earth, and the prayerful mutterings of a thousand lips, like the rippling of rapid waters, were heard ascending as the incense of the heart. One by one they at length arose and followed it to the church; and having strewed artificial flowers around it, and placed a crown of bead-work upon its head, they knelt around it and prayed, and then as with one voice the women and children chanted the "Toscanoquam," or reception hymn, which is as follows:

(English version.)

Spirit of life whose home is the sun,
And whose hunting-ground is the sky,
And the moon and the stars that we see
Are the wigwams of those who die.

The clouds are the smoke of thy chimney,
The "north-lights" the flame of thy fires,
When thou mak'st a feast for thy hunters,
As each of thy victims expires.

The thunder's the wrath of thy voice
The lightning's the flash of thine eye;
And whenever thine anger has gone
Thou hang'st up thy bow in the sky

Spirit of heaven! great chief of thy tribes!
We offer our homage to thee;
Thou hast slaughter'd our foes, and redeem'd
Our bell from captivity free.

Great bell! we will worship thee now:
Thy tongue will soon gladden our ear;
For thee we will hunt the wild bear—
The beaver, the fox and the deer.

Holy Mary, thy lips will anoint,
Each saint will a tribute bestow;
And Tagus, Manitou and Sonog
Will make thee as pure as the snow.

St. Nicholas will give thee baptism
Ere thou hast ascended on high;
And forever whether dead or alive
We'll worship thee king of our sky!

Toscan conaco sahongah onag,
Topaso useno onaga;
Sospango tiega tosoporag
Tecumbas basag Caughnawaga.

On the following day Caughnawaga witnessed one of the grandest sights it ever beheld. At early dawn preparations for hoisting up the bell were being made, and when completed the christening took place. Several Jesuits, nuns, and notable persons from Montreal were present. The Indians were painted in various forms and colours, and decorated with plumage, bead-work and robes curiously interwoven, and of a costly nature. The bell having been thoroughly cleansed, and gaudily embellished, the baptismal font was brought forward; god-fathers and mothers were chosen, and after numerous "Pater-nosters," "Ave-Maries," and mystical oracles were consulted and performed, holy

water was sprinkled over the bell, by Father Nicholas; the others all kneeling in profound silence, and the sanctified idol received the name of "Bona-Benedictum-Bellona;" after which the priest uttered with a deep emphatic tone: *Dominus vobiscum in perpetuum pro bona publico; laus deu memoria in eterna. Amen.* Then the vast assembly rose, and with one voice chanted the Te Deum; at the close of which Father Nicholas exclaimed *vox populi, vox dei. Amen.* Then upwards soared the great bell on cable wings and took its place in the *genus loci* of the temple, the St. Nicholas Church of Caughnawaga; and ere long, its mighty tongue was heard lashing against its brazen lips, and louder and more sonorous rose the deep-mouthed volume of sound; and as if influenced by a magic spell, the audience in response, and with a mighty voice, sent up a deafening shout, which caused the very air to tremble as it floated over the deep forests, away far into the distance, and over the rippled bosom of the rapids, and mingled its intonations with the murmurs of the icy waters. Long after the ceremonies had been performed, groups of Indians might be seen standing before the church statue-like, and with upturned faces, gazing upon the mysterious oracle; and in the mid-evening calm, whilst the hum of the rapids sweetened by the distance, might be heard the buzzing of a multitude of voices, rejoicing at the restoration of their *idol bell.*

But what became of the captives, during this religious festival? may now be asked.

During the journey forty-two of them were inhumanly butchered, sixty arrived at Caughnawaga, and these would have suffered the same penalty with them had it not been that their services were required; and even, were it not for the interference of several French gentlemen, they

would have been sacrificed on that day of the feast, as a hecatomb to the Holy Bell.

They were, however, kept in custody during that day's proceedings, and afterwards delivered up to the Governor at Montreal, where, during two years, they were imprisoned, at the end of which time, those who survived were liberated. The Rev. Mr. Williams was among the number; and though he had, in a sense, suffered a hundred deaths on the journey, and in prison, he was providentially delivered; and at length he returned to Deerfield, where, after twelve years' labour in the gospel, he departed from this world to be united with his beloved wife and children in the celestial kingdom.

The hardships that Father Nicholas had endured during his long journey through the forest, preyed heavily upon his weakened constitution, and after three months' gradual decay he died, and was buried in priestly honours, in the burying ground of the village. One hundred and sixty-two years have passed away since those ever memorable events; and many changes of both a national and physical character have variegated the country. The descendants of those Indians inhabit the ancient village of Caughnawaga, and pursue the avocations of their ancestors, and though possessing large grants of land, they cannot be induced to labour as agriculturists upon the soil.

The St. Nicholas church, with its tinned spire glittering in the sunshine as of old, still stands as a memorial of its venerable patriarch. The ancient bell, around which cluster so many mysterious weird-like events, still occupies its wonted place in the belfry, and at the ordinary hours of morning, noon, and evening, it mingles its clear and sonorous voice with the rippling murmurs of the rapid waters of the majestic St. Lawrence.

TALE XI.

RAMBLES IN THE BACKWOODS, OR LIFE IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

Hard is the lot of those who daily toil
To force a living from the forest soil ;
Closed in the depths of nature's rugged wild,
Where penury frowns, but fortune never smiled ;
In some rude hut that bears the name of home,
Where hunters range and howling monsters roam ;
Their wants increasing, which increase their care,
Their comforts small and coarse indeed their fare,—
Whilst haggard want despairs with fretful sigh,
What hope had falsely promised to supply.

To the pioneer and settler of the forest, a history of bush life is but a repetition of what they have actually experienced: nevertheless, there are two-thirds of the population of Canada who know but little or nothing of the early struggles, privations, and sufferings of those who wandered forth into the dense wilderness, and there planted a home for themselves and offspring; and framed the nucleus of their own destiny, and that of a now expansive colony.

Even at present, whilst the inhabitants of the older countries and towns are in full possession of and enjoying the richness, resources, and facilities of the country, there are thousands in the backwoods, unknown and unobserved by the outer world, who are dragging forth a miserable exist-

ence in struggling with the vicissitudes and events incidental to forest life. To give merely the outlines of such a history would occupy more space than the nature of my story will admit of. Even the years of my own experience in the backwoods of Canada could furnish material for a volume in itself; but my design is simply to give a brief sketch of a few days' rambles in the forest.

During the winter of 1862, I travelled through a considerable part of Canada West, frequently visiting some of the more northern localities, among which were the backwoods of Tudor, and adjoining townships.

From the town of Belleville I proceeded northward, by stage, to Madoc, a distance of twenty-five miles, at which place I arrived about two o'clock p.m. This village is pleasantly situated, and is the principal place of business for the inhabitants of the back country. At the "Full Moon Hotel" I met in with Mr. Polson, a settler from the Hastings Road, township of Tudor, with whom I was slightly acquainted, and with him started that afternoon on my journey into the backwoods. Deep snows covered the face of the country, the roads were considerably drifted; but having a horse and sleigh we were enabled to jog along with considerable speed. Having gone but a short distance we overtook a settler, who was seated upon an ox, in Asiatic fashion—the whole assuming an oxygon appearance,—and moving forward at the rate of two and a half knots per hour. The pendulum-like swing of the rider's head and body indicated either a limber vertebræ, or a rocking gait of the ox. Mr. Polson attempted to pass them, the rider at the same instant, with a club, struck the ox on the side of the head to give space. The blow, accompanied by an incidental thrust of the sleigh shafts against its pos-

teriors, caused the animal to start off like a prairie bonasus, and bear its rider on with accelerated speed. The spirit of Polson's nag, conscious of its own dignity, when contrasted with the presumption of only a scampering inferior, became also aroused, and as a farce to the romantic ride, Polson gave rein, and the horse followed in close contact. Faster and more furious flew the animals, the rider still holding on with death-like grip, walloping up and down like a Scotch Baillie, and occasionally attempting to vociferate; but every effort of his lungs was frustrated by the deadening thumps to which his posteriors were subjected. The ox at length finding the speed of the horse too great for its own velocity, and also dangerous, made one prodigious side-plunge into the snow, which effected a sudden stop that precipitated the rider forward, like an arrow, and his head and body were instantaneously thrust into a snow bank, leaving nothing visible of the man but his two legs, like a pair of Canadian cabbage plants, dangling above their owner with heroic vigor, as the only memorial vestiges of the suddenly entombed hero. At this juncture we also effected a halt, and sprang forward to extricate the poor fellow from his critical position. Polson seized hold of the one leg, and myself the other, and simultaneously we made an effort to extract the body. The first pull only cracked a few joints, the second produced a smotherd grunt and a spasmodic wriggle of the carcase, but the third had the desired effect of hoisting him to the surface. Though not really injured, he had suffered from suffocation produced by the snow and the rush of blood to the brain, and was mysteriously bewildered on having found himself transposed so suddenly to an inverted column. In the course of a few minutes he was enabled to assume his natural

position; and having driven the ox to the front we three got into the sleigh and continued our journey. Mr. Markham—such was the man's name—related to us a few of his troubles: he was apparently the object of poverty, and deserving of our sympathy. His clothes originally had been of coarse Canadian gray, but were contorted considerably out of both shape and color by patch work. A pair of old moccasins covered his feet,—a Scotch bonnet, his head. His face was the index of forty annual revolutions, and the wrinkled interpreter of anxiety and toil. He stated that his yoke of oxen, on which he chiefly depended as the means of support, had been seized for debt by a merchant at Madoc. He himself had attended the sale of them that day. The price of the first ox having realized the desired amount, he had the happy privilege of getting the other, and at the time we came up to him he was homeward bound.

Eight miles northward from Madoc, and within two of entering the wilderness of Tudor, is situated "Fox's Tavern," a sort of resting place for the weary pilgrims of the forest. Here we halted for a few minutes to warm ourselves and procure some refreshments. The building itself was a sort of mongrel breed between the settler's shanty and the common log-house of the farmer; a part of its interior was partitioned off as a bar-room. A few rusty bottles, filled with whiskey, stood upon a dusty shelf, on which were also several glasses, some tobacco, pipes, &c. Mr. Fox, the proprietor of this indispensable establishment, was a tall, yellow tough-skinned muscular man of sixty years —apparently shrewd,—with considerable bare-facedness, under a fox-like aspect, and possessed of sufficient policy to veil his penurious character; and as a whole, presenting a true specimen of the Dutch-*Yankee-Canadian*.

Having regaled ourselves, we departed, it being then dark, and soon we entered upon the Hastings' Road, which intersects the Township of Tudor, and continues northward to the Madawaska, a distance of over 50 miles. This road was opened a few years ago by the Canadian Government, and shortly afterwards the most of the land bordering upon it was taken possession of by settlers; nevertheless, the country is, and for many years will likely continue a dense wilderness, unless other circumstances occur, with other means, to assist in its development.

Having entered the woodland, I began to experience a renewal of romantic feelings,—feelings akin to those of my earlier years that I lived in the Canadian forest. The road before us appeared as a streak of white across a dark surface. On either side, tall trees, thickly interspersed with brushwood, stood as the walls of a formidable embattlement. The surface of the land appeared to be gently undulating. At intervals we passed over apparently stony ridges, and again through swamps, where the green boughs of the young cedars, like festoons, hung as garniture to relieve the sterner aspect of the back ground. A small clearance, however, occasionally presented itself by the road-side, in front of which a rough shanty might be seen, the humble residence of some forest adventurist—it may be that of some young man desirous of establishing a home for himself and his intended help-mate: perhaps, in that other shanty, live some newly united pair, who, like the Siamese twins, have but a unity of thought and action, and from the necessity of their nature are, as one, determined to struggle on together. But, perchance, in yonder hut dwells in solitary obscurity a pair further advanced in matrimonial experience, and perhaps the possessors of a large family and

little means. Empty coffers and a hungry household are no desirable acquisition when a man is out of everything but debt, and credit is every day becoming sparer and more repulsive; and with pencil in hand only drawing out the sharp outlines of his skeleton.

Whilst thus musing upon forest life, my attention was attracted by another of its characteristics, in that of a team of oxen yoked to a sled upon which were seated a young man and maiden. In passing them I observed that their attire consisted of the coarsest homespun. No seat or sides were attached to the rough sled; both sat closely together on a bundle of pease straw, the driver having one of his brawny arms around the waist of the fair damsel, whilst he held in the other an extended rod, with which he was steering his favorite bullocks. They were apparently lovers taking a pleasant ride. They appeared however to feel happy, and perhaps intended ere long to be happier. Perchance there was more true love and real happiness within the bosoms of that rustic couple, situated as they were, than is upon the polished surface of hearts, trained to all the niceties of etiquette, and the shapes and shades of fashion and fashionable life; more comfort, perhaps, on the bundle of coarse straw, than upon the downy softness of a silken cushion; and more ease and enjoyment upon the rough carcase of a bull-sled, drawn by oxen, than within gilded chariots glittering in their splendor, and wheeled onward with cheerful velocity by sprightly steeds, and accompanied by a retinue of attendants.

Having arrived at the residence of Mr. Polson, we entered, and Markham and I were introduced by him to his wife and family,—from whom we received a hearty welcome. Supper was immediately prepared and eaten;

and Markham, although repeatedly urged to stay over night, started homeward—a further distance of five miles.

Mr. Polson's family consisted of six sons, and one daughter, sixteen years of age, and the oldest—all of whom appeared to be healthy and happy. Their mother, in appearance, was an excellent woman. She had suffered much during her bush life, and her constitution showed symptoms of debility. Her husband was, however, robust, although he had toiled many a hard day in the woods. They had lived there seven years, during which time they had endured many hardships, and also devoted their best energies to suppress poverty and outlive their difficulties. But though comparatively more comfortable than many of their neighbours, they were still struggling to keep themselves afloat, upon the surface of life's common condition. Their shanty, though roughly constructed, was a large and comparatively respectable one. Its whole interior comprised but one room, that served for all necessary purposes; its main features consisted of a bed, table, three shelves, a half dozen of spindle-legged-stools, and a huge fire-place. Though rudely built, no part of the interior appeared to me so cheerful and inviting as the blazing hearth; a huge back-log, and the wood around it, rolled out volumes of curling flames that sent forth enlivening heat and radiance. The solitary voice of the cricket, the constant inhabiter of the hearth, was chirping its nocturnal devotions—all of which, even amidst poverty in the rudest hut, have power to transmit enchantment to the toil-worn settler when he has returned from his daily labours. The very name of hearth kindles within my soul a thousand associations of the past. Around the sanctified altar of the fireside the spirit-breathings of the heart have been poured

forth, happy faces have smiled in the radiance of its beams, joys and sorrows have been expressed, tales told and songs sung, and boyhood built its airy castles, and knew not, nor even dreamt of the sterner realities of time. And still do I love the hearth of my old home, because around it I spent the happy evenings of my young life, ere the family circle was broken, or I had felt the chilling influence of the ungenial world; its very name conjures up within my memory the forms of many, now dead, who were wont to meet there in sweet companionship; and even though it be dumb to others, it has a voice that reverberates in the caverns of my soul. But hearths are fast becoming unfashionable in Canada, especially among those who have risen a little above their former condition. By such they are considered only as vulgar vestiges of rude life, unsightly to the eyes of good society, and fit only for shantimaids and bushwhackers, and instead thereof the black, metallic stove, health-destroying as it is, rules supremely as fire-king. The stove is assuredly worthy of being praised for its cooking conveniences and comfort-giving-qualities—for without it, it would be almost impossible to out-live the severity of a Canadian winter; but to do away with the fireplace, because it looks unsightly and unfashionable, is the result of only a tasteless, vitiated pride, which cannot be too severely reprimanded.

Having continued our conversation until midnight, we retired to rest. Contrary to my wishes my kind friends gave me their bed, the only one in the house: they and their family huddled together upon the floor, and covered themselves with rugs, deer skins, &c. I slept soundly that night, and even prolonged my slumbers beyond my ordinary hour of rising. At the time I awoke, Mr. Polson was out feeding his cattle, and his wife had gone to a neighbor's

house to borrow some dishes for the breakfast out-fit. Their daughter was attending to a roast of venison on the hearth, around which were seated the younger ones watching with wistful eyes the process of cooking, and apparently eager to get a taste of the savory meat. Without delay I attempted to rise, and discovered that my pants were suspended over a high, rickety stake-legged stool that stood before the bed. Wishing to be as modest and polite as possible, I stretched over my arm, drew in my pantaloons, and thrust myself into them in a hurry, during which time, I kept my eyes directed towards the maiden, who being aware of my getting up, was possessed of as much politeness and good sense as not to turn round, or budge a muscle to either the right or the left, but continued pounding potatoes in a pot with amazing rapidity. I then slipped myself over the bed, picked up my stockings from the floor, and in order to put them on, and carry out my programme of politeness, I wheeled myself "right-about-face" towards the bed, and seated myself on the rickety spider-legged-stool. In the process, however, of drawing one of my stockings on, I gave it rather a sudden jerk, which displaced the stool, and also one of the loose slabs of which the floor was composed. But before I had time to either suspect danger or avoid the consequence, the two hinder legs of the seat slipped through the crevice into the cellar, throwing me back upon the floor, and leaving my legs suspended on high in regular Yankee fashion, at which moment Mr. Polson entered, apparently amazed by the first impression of my critical and eccentric position, and no doubt imagining that I had embraced the opportunity of his absence to perform some gymnastic feats and back-handed-somersets, for either the benefit of my own health,

or the amusement of his family. At this juncture, and not until then, I beheld with blushing astonishment that I had committed a most impolite and egregious error upon myself by having entered my pantaloons on the wrong side, causing them to assume a portly-like appearance in front, not unlike those of Dr. Warren's notable "Turned Head." Instantaneously I sprang up and into bed; and having adjusted my error, I arose; but was sufficiently cautious in placing further confidence in either the big stool or the bad floor. Such an incident was possessed of sufficient acidity as to have worked up every youngster of the shanty into bubbling effervescence. Such, however, was not the case; keeping their seats, they placed their hands over their faces and suppressed their smirking. It was, indeed, a laughable farce—I was every moment ready to burst from the internal pressure of my risibilities; but having at length regained sufficient gravity, I moved forward, took my seat at the breakfast table, and the impressions of my incident were, for the time being, forgotten amidst the interesting characteristics of conversation.

During the night and that day also, considerable snow fell and drifted, rendering the roads nearly impassable. However, about two o'clock in the afternoon, contrary to the wishes of the Polson family, I departed, being desirous of reaching, that evening, the house of an old acquaintance, with whom I intended to remain a few days.

Having provided myself with snow-shoes, I soon arrived at the Jordan, now Millbridge, three miles distant, where a small river of the same name intersects the road. This place consisted of two houses, in which liquor, provisions, &c., were sold,—a cooper and blacksmith's shop, &c. I entered one of the houses to make inquiries respecting

the road to the settlement whither I intended going. The interior consisted of two apartments—the larger assumed the complex appearance of store and tavern, and was represented by the respectable board-sign of "The Traveller's Home." A small counter intersected a part of the room, behind which stood boxes, barrels, bacchus-jars, bottles, and bagatelles, also a mysterious mixture of many materials, thrown together as it were, at random, and consisting of

Axes, augers, awls, and aromatics,
Bread, butter, brimstone, buttons, braces,
Combs, crowbars, calicos, cosmetics,
Drugs, dollies, dominoes, dress-cases,
Fish, fragments, fox-traps, fiddles, fish-hooks,
Guns, glass, goggles, grindstones, grog,
Hair-pins, herrings, handkerchiefs, hymn books,
Ink, iron, iritants, incog,
Jews-harps, kettles, lanterns, matches, nails,
Ox-yokes, pepper, razors, aqua-vitæ,
Spectacles, soap, soda, sulphur, scales,
Teas, et-cetera, incognita;

Also, behind the counter stood the proprietor, a short, thickset, conceity sort of a fellow,

With bullet head, and metal eyes,
Which scarce the light could enter;
Black bristling beard, brown chubby face,
With pug-nose in the centre!

and apparently a keen *scenter* after *cents*, and the indicator of *sensuality*, rather than intellectual *sense* or a largely developed *sensorium*. He and three brandy-colored bacchanalian blackguards were playing at cards over the counter, whilst another of the same species was lying doubled up in a corner, considerably spiritualized, and snoring as if his lungs had crept up into his nose, and were blowing up the bubbling fumes of Bacchus into his brains. Several pairs

of snow-shoes, guns, &c., in another corner, told plainly that the parties were on a hunting expedition. They had the appearance and manners of fast young men, and were apparently well posted up in the devil's dictionary and the sin-tax slang of the bar-room. Several notices were posted upon the wall—the following is a specimen:

PUPLIK NOTIS.

I will sell at Bill Gordon's shanty, munda 1st, his stok kunsistin of 1 bully gud kow, 1 ox-jumper with tung, 1 pottash kittle, 1 ox-yok and chane, and uther artekals tu numras to menshin. Kundishins.—kash on the spot; discount 10 pursent; credit—gud nots, six months tym.

Jordan, Febrary 21, 1862.

Bob Neilson,

Oxeneer.

In answer to my inquiries about the road, Mr. Gollywabbles, the proprietor, stated the utter impossibility of me reaching there that evening, as the track through the woods was snowed up; and being so late in the afternoon it was dangerous to hazard myself in defiance of the storm, and perhaps be devoured by wolves. However, as a preventive to danger, he urged me to remain under his hospitable roof for the night, as he had "tip-top" accommodation for travellers, at low fare, and a superior lot of newly imported liquors of the best brands, bearing the stamp of Excelsior, such as Cognac-cocktail, Henpenella, Roostersnack, Chickenhomony, Bird's-eye-brandies, and Barley-essences; also the best Havana Cigars, such as Fumigators, Frigidores, Ariels, Asteroids, Curly-blues, Nicotians, Helvocanoes, Luciferrans, &c.

I told him I would consider the matter, and then seated myself. He resumed his attention to play off the game with one of the gamblers. "By Jerusalem, and that's game!" ejaculated his opponent at length, throwing down the last card, with a thump, upon the counter. I say, old fellow, down with your Henpenellas and Fumigators, as quick as winkum."

"Bully on your head!" exclaimed Nuttlebags.

"A damnable good play!" cried Snookerjack.

"'Yes, sir-ee, by jinkum!" said Bottleshins, the first speaker, and winner, then turning round he directed his eyes to the man in the corner, and exclaimed—

"I say, Jack Bowley, you bloody rogue, get up and get your bitters."

"Turn out you bloated blubberhead and get yourself sobered on a glass of the etherial essence of rattlesnake bladders!" said Snooker Jack.

"Copperhead alligators, you mean!" added Nuttlebags.

"Liver-cod-oil," said Gollywabbles.

"I say, Jack," resumed Bottleshins, "get up, Polly Jenkins is here, and she wants to see you." Startled at the name, and the music of the glasses, Bowley attempted to get up, and blubbering out broken sentences of unmeaning jargon, stumbled back to the floor again at full length, and began to curse the others for disturbing him.

"Turn in, friend," said Bottleshins to me, "and have a bumper of the oxygenated essence of cod-nigger-oil, it is sweeter than the milk of a jack-ass, purer than the distillations of a jack-ape's gizzard, and universally celebrated for its homœopathic virtues, and may be applied internally, externally, and eternally."

"And infernally too," added Snookerjack.

My antipathy towards such company forbade me to acquiesce.

"Here's to our noble selves, who belong to the liquidated nobility of Bacchus," said Bottleshins, raising his glass,—"to hell with the water-spouters, every mother son of them, breed, seed, and generation; and here's to you, Gollywabbles, you ricketty, warped, shinplastered son of a bitch, and only a bastard."

"Shut up your mouth, you bloody buggerhead," retorted Gollywabbles.

"Dry up your water-spout, you beastly coward, or by jingo I'll drive comets out of your gizzard," responded Bottleshins.

Unable longer to restrain his anger, Gollywabbles sprang over the counter, and collared Bottleshins, who also grappled his antagonist.

"Fair play," shouted Snooker Jack; "five dollars on the head of Bottleshins," "good on your head," "go it, you devil!"

"Well done, Gollywabbles," exclaimed Nuttlebags; "bully for you, gouge his winkers, and guzzle his gizzard, ten dollars on your hide, and the drinks for all hands into the bargain."

At this juncture I considered self-preservation the best part of valor, and therefore made my exit without ceremony. Hither and thither the two combatants swayed, biting and tearing each other like bulldogs, and at length, as Gollywabbles attempted to jerk the other out by the door, his foot slipped, and both stumbled and rolled over the threshold, leaving Bottleshins uppermost.

Mrs. Gollywabbles, who had also taken a lively interest in the fight, seeing the unfortunate position of her husband,

seized hold of a pail of water, and dashed its contents upon the head of Bottleshins, which had the desired effect of restoring both to their senses as well as to their feet, and sobering their feelings into better friendships.

"By scissors and jacknives," exclaimed Nuttlebags, "but she knows how to make *sons* of you both; but come in, boys, and I'll pay for the drinks;" and forthwith the noisy bacchanals withdrew into the bar-room. And the rattling of tumblers was soon heard amidst the blasphemous revelry of the hellish crew; and as an accompaniment to their spirit-music, they struck up in grand chorus:

We are the jolly Bacchus-boys,
Who wear the crimson badge;
We'll raise on high the union glass,
And curse the water pledge.
The drunkard's but the tavern-sign,
A hogshead and a glass—
The tippler is a sapper grub,
The templar's but an ass.

CHORUS.

But we're the jolly Bacchus-cobs,
Who well can shell the corn;
Then rally round the counter boys,
And we'll all take a "horn."

King David drank his brandy "*sling*,"
And Lot his lager-beer;
And Captain Noah got so "tight,"
He was not fit to steer.
King Solomon, with all his wives,
Indulged in good champagne,
And never donn'd the water pledge,
Tho' he himself did *reign*.

We are the jolly Bacchus-cobs, &c.

King Beltashazzar made a "*spree*"
For all his lords of state;
Darius forced the water pledge,
And thereby seal'd their fate.
Had Herod took his morning "*coo*"
Of wormwood steep't in gin;
It would have kill'd the cursed bots
That worm'd him out and in.
We are the jolly Bacchus-cobs, &c.

Victoria sips her poker *punch*,
So does the prince of *whales*;
The Scotchman prees his *peater-reek*,
The cockney lugs his *h-ales*.
Napoleon quaffs his *burgundy*—
His subjects sup *burgoo*:
All these have tapp'd their *demi-johns*,
Why not Canadians too?

We are the jolly Bacchus-cobs,
Who well can shell the corn;
Then rally round the counter boys,
And we'll all take a "horn."

Now my hearties three cheers and a chickle-stamp for our flute-eyed, bugle horn, harpsack and fiddle chord,—hurra! hurra!! hurra!!!

Having got directions how to proceed through the woods, I departed, hoping to find things in better condition on the other side of Jordan,—and ere long, reached in safety the residence of my "old friends," and from them received a hearty and most salutary welcome. Their dwelling, though commodious, was nothing more than a shanty, and possessed of no improvements differing from the general model. Mr. and Mrs. Hillsdale had settled there shortly after the surveys,—newly married, and had $500 in hand—with the

expectation of procuring, ere long, a comfortable home for themselves. But the many inconveniences and necessities connected therewith made daily demands upon their means; and, notwithstanding all their labour and economy, they were at length, in a sense, worse off, even with two hundred acres of bush land, than at the time they settled in the woods. Not only they, but hundreds also, have been rendered subject to the same condition; and in despite of every effort, are becoming more and more oppressed and impoverished. As a solution to those circumstances and the state of affairs in general, it is only necessary to intimate a few of the casual characteristics.

After the Canadian government had opened the Hastings road, and surveyed the wild lands bordering thereon, in order to induce persons to settle there, free grant lots were given to those who, on certain conditions, agreed to become actual settlers. The result of so favourable a gift was speedily effected, and to others also desirous of becoming settlers the surveyed lands contiguous to the front lots were also in readiness for the formation of new settlements; but the Government having baited its hook at its own expense, wished to catch something by angling, so eighty cents per acre were demanded on every lot not contiguous to the Hastings road, the greater part of which lands was unfit for cultivation, and adapted by nature only for the wild hunter and his game; however, many of those who had been too late in applying for free grants, fancied this also a favourable opportunity, and became settlers. But experience is a good school teacher, though frequently a very hard master.

Having selected their respective lots, they built their shanties and began the laborious task of gathering a scanty subsistence from the rugged woods; and frequently a year

or two passed before anything in the shape of sustenance could be extracted from the soil. Persons possessed of one or two hundred dollars were, in nine cases out of ten, not worth a cent at the end of two years. The delay and unavoidable outlay, with small returns, ultimately absorbed the whole means, and eventually many of them were forced to sell their farms for a paltry sum, and leave the forest to others as unfortunate as themselves. Those who had little in the shape of money to begin with, dragged along a miserable existence for a short time, and many of them were at length compelled to sell their right of inheritance—like Esau of old—for a *something* to satisfy the starving demands of human necessity, or perhaps their property was taken from them as payment of some trifling debt. Some of the first settlers, however, have been enabled so far to weather the storm of adversity, but are still suffering from many hardships and inconveniences.

In the summer of 1858, I paid my first visit to Tudor, I again visited it in the winter of 1862, and also in the fall of 1863; during which times, I became familiar with the circumstances of the forest settlers; and on my two last visits, observed that many, indeed, had left, and others stepped into their places, to keep the wheel of circumstances revolving. In comparison with the rapid progress of Western Canada, Tudor has not improved in comparative ratio. The reasons for such are visible, and wholly independent of the people. In the first place, the greater part of the land is rocky, extremely rugged, and interspersed with undrainable swamps. Again, the Hastings road, though made by the government, is inadequate to the necessities of the people. During nearly two-thirds of the year it is in such a wretched condition as to render travel with safety almost

impossible. All goods, groceries, &c., are brought from Belleville to Madoc by land carriage, thence over this rugged and almost impassable road to the different storehouses situated thereon—some of which are at a distance of forty and fifty miles from Madoc; therefore, the great expense of bringing them, and the enormous profits exacted, augment the prices of articles extraordinary high, and in exchange for barter, render the price of produce and potash extremely low, all of which have a tendency to impoverish and oppress the people, and exclude them from many of the common necessaries of life. It may be asked, why not compel land holders to make and repair the roads? To this I answer, that the immense labour requisite to level the rocky steeps, and build up the boggy intervals, would totally impoverish even the richer class of the inhabitants. But the people of the back settlement are in a more deplorable condition, being destitute of any roads, or even an outlet, except the circuitous bush tracks they have made for their own convenience. The lengthy and laborious task of cutting out new roads, under the present circumstances, would strike the death-blow to every effort in the progress of bettering their condition. They are, therefore, excluded from the world, and destitute of the common comforts and conveniences of life, and in a sense, experience the trials and sufferings of a Siberian serfdom. But, independent of this, one dollar per acre is exacted from those who failed to pay their first instalment, and ten per cent. interest on the remainder until paid. It is true that the poor are generally kept poor by having most to pay in proportion to their means; and in this manner are many of the settlers harassed and oppressed in their effort to extract a scanty livelihood and retain their property.

But why should there have been so unjust a distribution of advantages? Why cut a road through the length of several townships, and give free grants of all lots bordering on said road, and exact a price from the back lands, which are destitute of roads, and farther from common access to mill and market? Such an inconsistent system in the disposal of wild lands, is injurious in the extreme. Instead of opening the resources to aid in the general development of the country, it has a tendency to deter improvement. Why lavish extravagant sums in support of wealthy institutions, railways, &c., and from the veins of a toiling and industrious people, drink the life-blood to the very dregs? Oh! ye governmental dispensers of the forests! why will ye tamper with the interests of the people for a comparatively paltry trifle towards the provincial revenue? If you desire to increase immigration, to promote the growth and strength of the Provinces, the development of their resources, and their rapid advancement and general welfare, unlock the portals of the great forests, and invite the inhabitants of every clime, creed, and kingdom, to come and establish for themselves free and unfettered homes in the backwoods of Canada. Open roads, erect mills, school and meeting houses, send in teachers and missionaries, centralize the settlements, and do away with skeleton-road-system, all length and no breadth, and in ten years the increase of wealth and population,—the social and moral condition of the people, and the physical development of the country, will be augmented tenfold, and eventually contribute a no small amount to the general revenue. A new feature, however, in the physical resources of Tudor, may become essential to the interests of the place, namely, the discovery of lead and silver. But the extent and intrinsic value of those mines have yet to be tested.

As I have made myself the "hero" of this story, and am somewhat connected with the discovery of those mines, I will briefly mention a few particulars in connection therewith. Whilst on a visit to Tudor, in the summer of 1858, and during my return from public worship on a sabbath afternoon, in company with others, a tremendous thunder storm compelled us to secure shelter in a shanty by the way side, one mile south of the Jordan. As I stood by the little window of the building, looking upon the vivid flashes of the thunderbolts, and the falling of the heavy rain, a tree adjacent to the shanty was struck by the lightning and set on fire, a part of the trunk was shattered into fragments, and from its roots masses of earth were thrown up. When the storm had passed over we all hastened to the spot; a sluice-like chasm, leading from the tree, had been excavated, which indicated the passage of the electric fluid. Whilst examining the crevice I picked up a piece of heavy material of leaden hue, apparently lead ore; but some, however, supposed it to be that of silver; others, that of iron; and even, coal, bluff-rock, and blue-stone. It was then broken into pieces, and distributed among those present; but, by the majority, both the incident and the material were soon forgotten. I, however, considered my piece worth keeping and being remembered, but shortly afterwards lost it. On my next visit to Tudor I heard nothing further about the mineral. It being winter at the time, it was impossible to prospect; however, I obtained a piece of the original from one of the parties referred to, and on my arrival in Montreal, deposited it in the geological rooms of Sir William Logan, and was informed that it contained five per cent of silver, and seventy-five of lead. Although not deeply interested in the mysteries of

geology, I was, however, occasionally dreaming over my leaden vision, and fancying that were its sources developed, the poor people of Tudor might be benefited thereby. Although I wrote to parties in Tudor concerning the metal, I heard nothing further about it, nor any additional discovery being made, until the fall of 1863. Returning from Western Canada in August of that year, I halted at Belleville with the intention of visiting the back woods, and testing the merits of my leaden mine. But I was somewhat astonished on reading from a paper in the town, that lead, silver, and copper mines had been discovered in the townships of Tudor, Lake, and Elziver, and that magnificent prospects were anticipated. Next day I proceeded to Madoc, thence to Tudor, where I soon found some reality in the intelligence. Several veins of lead at different localities had been discovered and sold to ready purchasers—the ore was imbedded in quartz. The veins in width varied from two to seven inches. Silver mines had been also prospected. I visited the spot where I had discovered the lead five years before, and found that a fine vein of ore had been opened, and the mine disposed of for $1500. Up to the present time, in the vicinity of the Jordan, numerous mines have been discovered, and sold, but as yet no extensive operations have been carried on. It is, however, anticipated that before long the mineral resources of the country will be largely developed. If so, a railroad will likely be projected from Belleville to the Madawaska, by way of the famous iron mines of Marmora, which are but a short distance from Tudor. Until such means are accomplished, neither settler, lumberer, nor miner, will profit largely from their labour in the backwoods of Tudor, and adjoining townships.

I now return to my rambles. Having remained a few days with my friends, the Hillsdales, and spent a very agreeable visit, I departed, with the intention of continuing my journey northward, so as to gratify my romantic feelings, and ascertain the condition of the inhabitants still further back in the woods. Returning to the Jordan, I resumed my route by the Hastings road. I had gone but about two miles, and had just passed one of those little hovels that at intervals present themselves by the way side, when I heard a voice from behind calling upon me by name. Started at the sound thereof, I wheeled suddenly about, and beheld Mr. Markham. In accordance with his request I entered his shanty, and was introduced to his wife and family, all of whom were happy to have the opportunity to express their gratitude for a few necessary articles I had presented Mr. Markham with on the night of his ox-adventure. Theirs was a small, low built shanty,

> Without a chimney or a floor,
> Encased with moss, and rooft with bark;
> Having one window and one door,
> It thus resembled Noah's Ark.

The furniture, if such it may be called, would stagger description by its oddity; and were it not the anticipated prospects of the future, the whole of their possessions were scarcely worth living for. In compliance with their friendly wishes, I stayed and partook of dinner, which consisted of venison, potatoes, and birch-root tea. During several years bread is a scarce article in the back woods, owing to the great distance at which mills are situated. The deer contributes greatly towards the necessities of the early settlers. Its flesh is a nutritious element in the shape of

food, and during winter its skin forms a warm covering for both bed and body. Deer at that time were numerous in those woods. They consisted chiefly of the common red deer; but the moose, cariboo, and spike, also inhabited the Canadian forests. The horns of the latter resemble those of the cow, and some have but one only, sticking out of their forehead, similar to that of the unicorn. During the months of May and June the female deer produce their young—chiefly twins. To protect them from danger they conceal them in cedar swamps until they are sufficiently enabled to take care of themselves. During all seasons of the year deer have their places of resort, and, especially in summer, they frequent rivers, lakes, &c., as watering places.

After dinner I proceeded on my journey, promising to call on my return. The further I advanced, the country and condition of the people assumed a more wretched aspect. Interminable woods, with only here and there a small opening, and a log hovel stood formidably on either side. I entered several of those miserable abodes, and within all, poverty appeared to prevail; yet there seemed to be an air of cheerfulness in the very atmosphere of many of those homes. Few, if any, of the inmates were suffering from illness. Children, half naked and barefoot, on earthen floors, appeared ruddy and robust. It is an undeniable fact that the people of the backwoods enjoy comparatively better health than those of the older settlements, and simply from these reasons—1st. That their food is coarser, more natural, and well adapted to build up the physical system; 2nd. Good ventilation and bodily action, coarse raiment loosely put on, and chimney heat. 3rd. The health promoting qualities of the trees, herbs, &c., and a more uniform

temperature of the atmosphere; and, lastly, the absence of doctors, quack practitioners, patent pills, poisoned drugs, universally renowned death-drops and demon serpents of disease, preserved in crystal or concealed in pasteboard. Whereas, among the more advanced circles of society, in regard to food, the taste, and not the stomach, is consulted. Hence the former becomes frequently vitiated, the latter disordered, and, therefore, either a part or the whole goes wrong. Doctors or patent medicals are then consulted, and the stomach receives a charge of virus powders or patent buckshot. And what, then, is the upshot?—a quick discharge, perhaps; but, after all, the fulsome drugs are but too frequently the germinators of worse evils. Again, stove heat, deficient ventilation, curtained windows, dark rooms, tight fits, night caps, late sittings and risings,—the pulsive action of aspirations, speculations, and excitements, and the et ceteras of fashionable innovations, have all a tendency to injure health and deteriorate the system. Liquor is, however, commonly used among the settlers, owing to the many "*gatherings*" required in building, logging, &c.—at which times it is in customary requisition; and even at length many of them become habituated to the filthy custom; but its bad effects are soon rendered visible in their circumstances.

About sundown I came in view of a respectable-looking house, which induced me to believe that its proprietor, in the way of building, had got a step in advance of his neighbours. I entered therein, and my request for a night's lodging was readily granted. A widower, his sister, and four children were the occupants; and with them I spent a very agreeable evening. Towards the close of our conversation, he informed me that the house and other property belonged

to a Mr. Dickie, a Scotchman, who had immigrated thither only three years before, and in that very house was murdered by his own servant. The horrible event and the incidents connected therewith were renewed freshly within my mind; and when I had actually been made aware that I was then within the very walls where poor Dickie had been murdered, a strange tremor of appalling thought permeated my very soul. It appears that Dickie, after having purchased the land, built a small shanty for immediate use, and forthwith began the building of the present house. When completed, he, with the assistance of Rocke, his hired servant, and Mr. Barbeau, a neighbour, began to remove the furniture and other effects from the shanty to the house. Towards evening, and whilst Dickie and Barbeau were gathering up some stray articles to carry over, Rocke, who had gone in advance with the last load, was extracting from his master's trunk the sum of $1200. At the very moment that he was in the act of concealing it about his clothes, Dickie entered the house, and walked directly to his intended bedroom to deposit the articles he had brought, followed by Barbeau. Rocke was within the room at the time; and, realizing at that moment his own critical position, he lifted up a revolver, and just as Dickie had opened the room door, a ball perforated his heart, and he fell and almost immediately expired. Barbeau startled back; Rocke attempted to shoot him also, but the gun missed fire. He instantly fled from the house; a second shot was directed after him, but without effect. Barbeau hastened to give the alarm; and, ere long, some twenty armed men were in pursuit. The villain was captured that evening in a small groggery, a few miles distant, in a back settlement. He was taken to jail, and at length suffered

the penalty of death by the law. Dickie was a young man of excellent character, well educated, and universally respected—a native of Aberdeenshire, and very respectably connected. His body was interred in Madoc cemetery, and a beautiful white marble stone has been erected as a memorial of him.

Bed-time having come, I was conducted to a sleeping apartment, the very room where the awful tragedy had been perpetrated; and on the floor the blood-stains were still visible, at the sight of which an appalling tremour crept over my nerves. I never had much faith in the visible return of departed spirits, or in the fantastic freaks and mimicry of any ghostly visitors; nevertheless, I was then impressed with peculiar feelings, as if within the invisible presence of some weird-like personage. In fact, I never was really afraid of either ghost or devil, and yet that night I felt every fibre of my heart thrill with sepulchral horror—all of which were only the effects of imagination, conjured up from the tragical reality. I allowed the candle to burn for some time after having gone to bed; but at length, spurning the weakness of my own heart, I blew it out, and then drew the blankets over my head as a sort of comfortable security. However, I heard nothing but the whistling of the night wind and the murmuring of the tree tops; nor saw I anything but the ideal spectres of my sleepy brain. Had I but the anointed vision of the *second sight* and the calibre of the witch's tympanum, I might have been favoured with spiritual communion. Conscious of my peaceful security, I soon grew courageous, and fell asleep, and snored away into the land of dreams.

On the following morning I resumed my journey. My next halting place was at Beaver Creek, a few miles distant.

This place is the northern terminus of the Hastings one-horse, weekly mail. It consisted of a store, tavern, and two or three other miserable hovels. Adjacent thereto is a small river which retains traces of the beaver—hence the name. This animal, with the maple leaf, constitutes the totem or "Coat of Arms" of Canada. During the early settlement of the Colonies beavers were numerous, and their pelts were a source of wealth to the Indian; but now, except only in the remote forests, they have become almost extinct. Their favourite places of habitation and resort are on the banks of creeks. In locating themselves they select a suitable part of the stream necessary for their requirements. Their first attempt is in the formation of a dam, so as to secure a supply of water for bathing purposes. With their teeth they gnaw through small trees, which, when cut into proper lengths, are dragged into the channel when the water is low. Tiers of them are placed above each other and interlaced with twigs, forming a sort of wickerwork. Stones, clay, moss, &c., also form a compact and serve to strengthen and complete the dam. Their next effort is the constructing of their lodge or local habitation. This is formed by excavating a trench in the river bank, and covering it with branches, moss, earth, &c. The interior is lined with leaves and dried grasses, and connected with the stream by subterraneous passages, through which they run into the water when disturbed in their lair, and return in like manner. Their nature is partly amphibious, as they can remain a long time under water without much apparent uneasiness. They amuse themselves by bathing, during which time one of their number is stationed as a sentinel upon the bank; and when an alarm is given, they disappear at once by diving, and thence secure themselves

within their burrows; therefore it is difficult to obtain a sight of these sagacious animals; nevertheless, if caught when young, they are easily tamed, and form an inseparable attachment to their master. The female generally gives birth to two at a time. In the act of suckling her young she holds them up to her breast with her paws, whilst she herself is seated erect. The Indian infers therefrom that they are a species of the human family—that their ancestors saved themselves from the "*Kianiac*," or Noachial Deluge by ascending to the summit of a high mountain above water mark, and subsisted upon the bark of trees. Their Government is a sort of Republican. The lazy ones are expelled, but if they retaliate they suffer the penalty of death by drowning. When they become numerous, a separation takes place, and a new colony is formed on another part of the stream. The locality of the beaver is chiefly on low or level lands, which are generally submerged during the spring and fall. It is an erroneous idea that the lands contiguous to their dams—commonly called "Beaver Meadows"—have been cleared by them. They have been effected in this manner: The beavers of a previous era, in the course of a few years, peeled off the bark of the trees in their locality for food—consequently the timber decayed; finally the trees fell, and in the course of time mouldered away or became submerged by alluvial deposits; wild grasses eventually sprung up, and a Beaver Meadow was the result thereof. These meadows are of great benefit to those who settle in their neighbourhood for cattle feed and pasturage. The beaver, like the Indian, is an inhabitant of the forest, and, like him, is gradually diminishing in numbers, and eventually will become only a being of the past ages.

From Beaver Creek I continued my travels to the York

Branch, which place I arrived at on the evening of the following day, intending it should be the northern limit of my journey. It consisted of a store, grog-shop, &c.—the nucleus of an intended village, but nothing about it can merit a favourable prediction; and I really do sympathise with any person who has been so unfortunate as to find a home in that neighbourhood. On my way from Beaver Creek to this place I entered a number of shanties, and within nearly all beheld nothing but squalid poverty and discomfort. Happiness, if it might be called by that name, was hung to life's tree by only a slender fibre of anticipation; and there were few, indeed, who had not suffered much from hunger and severe hardship. The shanties in general were small, and badly constructed for the promotion of comfort—intended at first only for temporary shelter; but few of the settlers were afterwards enabled to substitute better ones. Tiers of unhewed logs composed the walls—basswood slabs or bark formed the roof—the floor earthen or composed of disjointed slabs—a rude fabric of a fire-place, and one window, in some none at all. Furniture, generally home-made, and very romantic. Some shanties were so placed as to contain within them a stump, or perhaps more, which served as a table, seats, &c.; even in some the frontal bed-posts were nothing more than the stumps of small trees. From these posts bars extended into the walls, and small poles were placed lengthwise—the whole forming a very substantial bedstead. It is, indeed, a venturous undertaking to become a settler of those back woods. Consider for a moment the disadvantages connected therewith. A family, for, instance, is conveyed some forty or fifty miles over a rough road into the deep recesses of the dense woods. The expense and difficulty

of conveyance prevent many articles being taken thither. Perhaps a rude hovel has been previously erected by the settler; and, if not, his family is either housed within a neighbour's shanty or under a bark covert, whilst a rude fabric is being hastily put up. This done—the new home is entered—and the settler, with axe in hand, begins the laborious task of cutting down tree after tree to clear a small spot on which to plant some corn and potatoes; the timber is rolled together into heaps, which are burnt, and the ashes converted into potash. The seed is then sown, and the settler resumes his hard task, day after day, in removing from their basis the tall monarchs of the forest, and adding daily to his clearance. To narrate merely what he thus does, and what he will and can do, sounds very well to the inexperienced ear; but ah! there are a thousand minute incidents and ills connected therewith that only the settler of the backwoods becomes actually acquainted with. It is generally a year or two, if then, before sufficient to support a household is produced, during which time one or two hundred dollars may be exhausted. Those with little or no means have a miserable subsistence, being frequently compelled, during summer, to live on roots, berries, &c.; and even the leaves of trees are boiled into pottage to aid in the support of life. Groceries and provisions are dear, and luxuries are unknown. Even when articles are given on credit by the storekeepers, to be paid in produce or potash, the prices are wholly controlled by the merchant, and favourable to himself only. In this manner settlers are frequently compelled to rob their families of their necessary comforts in order to pay their extortionate creditors. In logging, the settler requires his neighbors to assist him, for which he must return an equivalent. If he

is without oxen, he must either hire them or give work for their service. Few settlers, if any, have a cow during their two first years in the woods, as neither hay nor pasture is provided. Just fancy the condition of a half-clad, hungry household, especially a family of small children, without milk and butter, frequently without bread and other necessaries. Deer meat is cheap and plentiful; but venison, with few accompaniments, soon becomes dry and unpalatable; horse flesh comparatively would be a greater dainty. This reminds me of an incident which occurred in that neighbourhood the summer previous to my travels. As a teamster from Madoc was crossing a small bridge, his horses startled, and they and the load were precipitated into the creek beneath. One horse was killed by the fall; the other was only slightly injured. The driver instantly rode off to the York Branch to procure assistance and hire a team to carry the load to its destination. At his return he found that his dead horse had disappeared; not even a vestige remained. Indications that the animal had been dragged off were, however, visible; he followed the trail, which led to a shanty a quarter of a mile distant, and there, with startled astonishment, beheld the reeking and unsheathed carcass quartered up, over which two hungry-looking Dutchmen were quarrelling and fermenting their Holland wrath for a bloody contest;—and for what? may be asked. Simply because the man who had discovered the booty would not acquiesce with the other, whose oxen had drawn it, to give him one half of the "*internals*" in addition to his share of the carcass. The inhabitants of that township and adjoining ones comprise a variety of creeds and nationalities. A number of German Dutch are sprinkled throughout. The circumstances of the people

have a tendency to make them friendly with one another; but, on the whole, nowise conducive to the growth of intelligence and religion. Sabbath is generally a day of visiting and wandering about. Schoolhouses are few, indeed; and churches are nowhere to be seen; ministers are like meteors—their occasional light generally vanishes with themselves. A short time previous to my travels a murder was committed in the vicinity of the York Branch. Two neighbours, respectively named Munroe and Elward, quarrelled, and during the contest that ensued the former was killed. Elward and his wife were apprehended, found guilty by a jury, and both were executed at Belleville.

Having arrived at the York Branch, as I said, I took lodgings for the night in the "Deer-Horn-Tavern"—a large, common shanty, whose appearance was destitute of attraction. Had the immortal Cowper beheld it and the surrounding country, during a "Winter Walk" through the deep snows of a Canadian forest, he might have been induced to blot out—

> "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade."

Its interior consisted of a bar-room, kitchen, and bedchamber—the furniture was chiefly home-made. A few dingy bottles, glasses and jars, stood rank and file upon a shelf; also, some pipes, matches, and basswood leaf tobacco. In a corner stood a liquor barrel, bearing the following inscription in uncouthly half painted letters:—

"The Brands of Brandy."

Feeling myself extremely cold on entering, and my atten-

tion being attracted towards the barrel, I ordered a glass of hot punch of the "Brands." Instead of sipping to consult my taste or the merits of the liquid, I drank it instantly. But, of all the liquors I ever tasted, this decoction surpassed them all. It seemed to me, as it were, the essence of lightning acidized by the buttermilk of Jupiter. Like a cobbler's rasp, it scraped down the jagged corners of my throat, suspending respiration, and leaving a sensation in my stomach as if I had swallowed a fire-brand. The fumes flurried up towards my brain like the gush of steam from a kettle spout—all of which seemed to indicate that the "brands" were in reality the essence of Hell's fire-brands."

"Thats' grand guid liquor, sir," said the innkeeper—a small grizzly, pox-indented, sprucy Scotchman.

"It tastes as if it were the essence of fire and brimstone," said I.

"Faith an' a betther fire ye could'nt have in your stomach, sir; an' sure an' meself always keeps a good sup of it wid-in me to keep out the cowld," exclaimed Mrs. Josey, the innkeeper's wife,—a thick-set, brandy-colored, fleshy-carcas'd daughter of the Green Isle.

"Its strong enough," said I.

"By garrah sur an' it ish sthrong; an' its mesilf that knows it too; troth an' its knock'd me down a hunther times, sure; the devil a bether sup ye'd git in iny kunthra excipt in the owld 'SOD' sure," exclaimed Mrs. Josie.

"Guid wife, yer mistaken," interposed Mr. J., "the guid Scotch whiskey, peat reek, is far afore it."

"By crackie, an' it ish not sur, an' ye need'nt be afther telling me so, sur; the divil a sup o' liquor is in yer kun-

thra but Scotch brose; but arrah begar an' its meself that's been afther tasting many a good sup in the owld kunthra, gad bless its sowl."

At this moment two lumbermen entered, carrying a liquor jar, and ordered Mr. Josie to give them one gallon of the "Brands," and a treat for all present; several burley bushwhackers had also entered.

"By jingo, that's the real stuff," ejaculated one, having emptied his glass.

"Bully good liquor," exclaimed another.

"Tip-top," "first best," &c., cried several others, smacking their lips, after having gulped down their glass-full.

"Aixellent, sirs; most decidedly aixellent," exclaimed the innkeeper.

"By the holy sowl of owld St. Abraham, an' yer afther spakin the truth, bless yer sowls, an' yer the dacentest boys I've ever seen since I last sat my brogs on the owld sod. And arrah my good sir," continued she, directing her attention to me, "an plaize an' what part o' the kunthra are ye after belonging to?"

"Lower Canada," said I.

"An' sure an' is Lower Kinnedy a betther kunthra than the Apper Pravidence?" she interrogated.

"The country is good enough, madam: but there are too many bullfrogs and frogeaters in it."

"Arrah magrah astorah, an' have the people nothing to ate but the dam'd frogs; sure, an' have they nare a small sup o' the crathur at all, at all."

"Nothing but pork, pea-soup, and nigger water," said I.

"Arrah gaskeen me sowl! blast their filthy gizzards, ivery mother's son ov em, the dirty graisy blaggards that they are,—exipt yer honor sir."

A universal outburst of roaring laughter, as a farce, followed in grand chorus.

The lumbermen, on leaving, requested me to visit their lumber-shanty on the following day. I promised to do so. At a late hour the house was emptied of its loafers and brandy luggers, and I retired to rest. It was in vain to seek repose earlier, on account of the stir and din of the wild convivialists, in their boisterous mirth. Wrapped in deer-skins and wolf pelts, I enjoyed a comfortable night's rest. Next day I departed for the lumber shanty, a few miles distant, where I arrived at noon; and by the two men spoken of was introduced to the whole squad, consisting of about thirty men. With them I partook of dinner, and during the afternoon remained with the cook, a fat-blooded Dutchman. In the evening the men returned from their labours, and in accordance with their request I staid until the following day. The foreman was an intelligent American, the others were Scotch, Dutch and Irish, apparently a happy and good-hearted class of fellows. The shanty was large and commodious. In the centre of the interior was a fireplace or *kaboose*, formed by four logs of about eight feet long, being placed so as to form a square, the interior of which was filled with stones and earth; a large hole in the roof of the shanty allowed the smoke to escape. Two rows of poles running parallel with the walls formed the basis of the beds, over them layers of cedar boughs were placed. Two pairs of blankets were allowed to every two shantymen. A squared log on each

side of the shanty was placed before the beds, and served as a seat, tables, &c.

The cook is generally the first to arrive in the morning, to make preparations for breakfast; the teamsters rise next and so on; and about six a. m. the whole squad take breakfast; and thence proceed to their day labors in the bush. If at too great a distance, at noon they partake of luncheon in the woods. At dark they return to the shanty. Each one then receives his can of strong tea, with plenty of fat pork and bread; and having straddled themselves over their log tables, without ceremony, or the forms of etiquette, they commence with right good earnest to supply their inner wants. No varieties or luxurious danties are provided for the rough shantyman; his appetite does not crave for such. His regimen is chiefly bread, fat pork and tea, three times per diem. Such a meal to the dyspeptic, or nervous person, would appear to be productive of fatal consequences. Such immense quantities of pork or tea taken separately would undoubtedly injure the stomach; but when both are partaken of together, their influence is modified. However, the shantyman is apparently contented with his meals when he gets enough, and envies not the wealthy invalid with his table groaning under its foreign luxuries.

After supper, a somewhat complicated scene presented itself. Some were busily engaged mending their mits, moccasins, or pantaloons: a few playing at cards; others encircling some pioneer of the forest, who is relating some adventure of shanty life; in the midst of another group, was heard some love ditty, or shantyman's song, whilst amidst the din and confusion, a rough curse occasionally was heard giving emphasis to action. During that evening several songs were sung, among which were the following two:

THE WOODMAN'S HOME.

Around my cot in the forest wilds
Are mystical charms for me,
The sprightly deer are a gambolling there,
And birds are on every tree.
The wild flowers spring thro' the withered leaves,
Like stars in the azure sky;
And every bough has its leafy gems,
The haunts of the insect fly.

Chorus.

It is in the lowly shanty home
The spirit of man is free,
A woodman's life in the forest wilds
Is the happiest one for me.

The Queen may smile in her Windsor-tower,
But still she has sorrow to sigh;
The happy heart and the peaceful mind,
Not pelf or position can buy.
The man of wealth, with his wants supplied,
Is not so happy and free;
He lives on the cream of the nectar milk,—
Such only is froth to me.
It is in the lowly shanty home, &c.

The nobleman struts in his velvet robes,
And scores of attendants wait;
I worship not such a Pagan god,
Nor envy his golden state.
'Tis not in the palace or splendid hall,
Nor yet in the princely dome,
Where I would seek for the joys of life,
Or a substitute for home;
But tis' in the lowly shanty home, &c.

'Tis gold that haunts the spirit of man
And makes him a slave to himself;
And the miser lives in his sordid cell,
And starves out his soul with pelf.
Wealth is the dust of the grave refined,
And pleasure's the life-day shroud;
Whilst fame is the stone to the favorite dead
Upraised by the babbling crowd.

Chorus.

But give me health and a humble fare,
Whilst life's own spirit is free,
And I will ask for no other state
Than a wild-wood home for me.

The following was beautifully sung by one of the disaffected sons of Erin; it is an embodiment of pathetic feeling, brooding over the national wrongs to which Ireland has been subjected, and smells strongly of Fenianism:

In Erin's Isle, sure I was born,
Where good St. Patrick trod,
An' rear'd the shamrock and black-thorn
And blessed its darlin sod;
His heavenly smile o'er Erin's isle,
Was like a balm of light;
He made shillalahs for our boys,
An' larn'd them how to fight.

Chorus.

In Erin's isle,—the quain ov earth,
Sure I meself was born,
Where bowld St. Patrick rared himself
The shamrock and the thorn.

Then owld John Bull, the cursed fool,
Began to stale our "right,"
So wid our owld shillalah bowld,
We show'd him how to fight.
His bulldogs and his bloodhounds came
From Albion's hungry shore,
They tore the flag ov Erin's isle,
An' lapp'd our father's gore.
In Erin's isle, the quain ov earth, &c.

St. Patrick's crown he soon pull'd down
An' placed it on his prince,
An' wid a rod and iron gad
He bates us ivir since;
Which forced the sons ov Erin's isle
To find a foreign home;
An' I mesilf from all me friends
Was thus compell'd to roam.
In Erin's isle, the quain ov earth, &c.

To Quabec town, sure I was bound,
An' safely landed there,
An' hire'd mesilf to Mr. Jinks,
His timber-logs to square.
Now in the woods ov Kinneday,
Mesilf is in exile,
But while I live I'll curse John Bull,
An' bless owld Erin's isle.
In Erin's isle, the quain ov earth, &c.

Next day I returned to the York Branch, and there incidentally met with Mr. Boswell, a person who formerly resided in Lower Canada, and with whom I was slightly acquainted. Like many others he had been induced to remove into those outlandish regions. He resided in a back settlement, two miles from the York Branch. We felt happy in meeting with each other, and, at his request, I accompanied him to his shanty; still happier was his wife to meet with one who had come within twenty miles of her former residence. She was a woman of a strong nervous temperament, and had almost fretted herself to death on account of their miserable condition. They whoever were resolved to sacrifice their farm and improvements rather than prolong a wretched existence in the bush. Our interview was indeed a happy one. Next day being Saturday, agreeably to their desires, I resolved to remain until Monday. On Saturday evening, Boswell's eldest son and I visited a neighbour's shanty, distant three-fourths of a mile. About ten o'clock we departed on our return. The road was merely a foot-path through the deep snow. About mid-way it was intersected by another path. We had scarcely passed the junction of these roads, when our ears were saluted by a series of terrific howls, at a short distance from us, apparently on the other path. "The wolves! the wolves!" ejaculated the young man. We halted for a few moments to listen. Mr. Boswell's dog and

another one that had accompanied us, pricked up their ears, and drew closely towards us, apparently alarmed. Another series of yelps followed by a full chorus of a dozen voices, told plainly that wolves in reality were approaching. "Shall we climb a tree or run homeward," said I, "Oh! run for our lives," he exclaimed, "run, run!" and forthwith I started at full speed, and was followed by young Boswell and the two mastiffs. It was difficult to keep on the pathway; nevertheless, our legs did good service to our bodies until I made a mis-step, and fell at full length. The young man and the two dogs, unable to arrest speed in time, came tumbling over me with the force of an avalanche. Feeling at that instant the sharp claws of the two dogs about my neck as they rolled over, I fancied the wolves had taken the first grasp of me. Oh, horrors! My blood curdled within my veins; I roared out vociferously with stentorian lungs, and started to my feet again, and ran, following up with full speed. Another terrific chorus of the wolves was heard, apparently on our track and following rapidly in pursuit. With more than natural force we sped forward, and finally effected our escape. Just as we arrived at the shanty, the wolves entered the clearance; but came no further, and for some time afterwards they continued to belch forth their terrific howls like a horde of infuriated fiends from the hellish kennel.

No animal is the cause of greater terror to the settler than the wolf. They are universally found in the Canadian forests. Like the dog, they are possessed of a great deal of sagacity. They frequently go in bands, particularly when in quest of prey. Their movements are conducted with regularity. One of the strongest and most courageous acts as leader, and is generally the first to attack. When prowling among the woods at night, he leads his

company onward, occasionally giving a few loud yelps, which are followed by a general chorus of hideous howls. A single wolf, or even two, alone, will seldom attack a man, but instead thereof, will howl tremendously, and ere there is time to escape perhaps a dozen or twenty others are about him. They are fond of venison; and when having scented a deer, pursue it with untiring eagerness, like the hound. When in hot chase they seldom turn from the object of pursuit to attack man, or any animal that may happen to be near. Whilst devouring their booty, frequently a serious quarrel among themselves takes place. In extreme cases of hunger, they have been known to destroy and eat the most worthless of their numbers. Many settlers have been deceived at first by their yelps, in fancying them to be a pack of hounds. An Englishman with his family, having newly settled in the woods, was one morning saluted by a series of barks, which he believed, no doubt, proceeded from a pack of hounds after a stag. With rifle in hand he hurried forth, accompained by his wife and family, armed with domestic weapons. At that moment a stag bounded past, closely and eagerly pursued by the supposed hounds. Excitedly he fired after the deer, and one of the hounds instantly wheel'd over, and with a terrific howl fell dead to the earth, whilst the deer and its ravenous pursuers sped onward, Oh, horrors! what a serious and unintentional error he had committed? shot, as he supposed, a favorite hound of some "landed gentleman." Instead of bearing off his booty with unbounded joy, he hurried it out of sight, expecting every moment to behold some knighted lord of the forest and his hunting party in pursuit of the stag. In the evening one of his neighbours entered his shanty, and during the course of conversation intimated the eager chase of a party of wolves after a deer that morning. "Wolves!

wolves!" exclaimed the Englishman, startled with horrified astonishment. "Wolves! Dost thee say so, friend? By George, I tak'd em tae be ounds hafter a stag, and hi hae haccidentally hended one hof em has dead's han hass. with is 'ead coot hof."

Even after several years the settler is frequently annoyed by the wolves; and occasionally during the night, a portion, or all of his sheep may be destroyed. A settler discovered a simple method of entrapping the wolf and preserving his flock. He enclosed his sheep by a high fence of large poles, placed closely together, forming a square; each row inclining further inward, and the whole so formed that the wolf found an easy ingress over the top; but when once in, could neither return through nor over the fence. The wolf finding itself thus secured, let go its victim and became harmless, which arose, no doubt, from a consciousness of imprisonment, a sense of danger, and an apprehension of consequences. Even a cat when placed into a deep barrel among live mice, like the wolf, loses its destructive propensity for the time being; and the mice may sport about without the fear of danger or destruction.

Night passed away, and Sabbath came; and with it came a dreariness over the devotional spirit. On every side were the tall dense woods, assuming a chilling and sombre aspect. These were the pillars of the forest temple —the temple of the Eternal God. Untouched for ages, they had grown up. Under their covert, the Indian perchance had worshipped his heathen deity. Sabbath in the woods is not a day that is generally hallowed as it should be. No church bell, with its solemn tones, is heard. No crowds of worshippers are seen congregating. No church rears its steeple towards the skies; and ministers are but rare exotics. Man, naturally a social being, seeks society

and intercourse with his fellow-men; and the settler, when destitute of religious privileges, too frequently spends his Sabbaths in visiting his neighbours; consequently the better feelings of the spirit are soon defaced, and at length he fancies himself a being under less restriction, and in a sense, farther from the eye of God.

Public worship was a rare occurrence in that neighbourhood; but during that Sabbath it was announced that a minister was to preach in the evening at the York Branch. We resolved to go. Mr. Boswell yoked his steers to a rough sled, on which a half dozen of us piled as best we could. He himself stood in front, and, with rod in hand, steered the uncouthly caravan. Our course was a circuitous one through the woods. My feelings at the time, if not devotional, were truly romantic, and during the whole way I kept a good look out for the "wolves." Having arrived at the shanty appropriated to the occasion, we entered and took our seats. A goodly number was present, and others continued to pour in, until the interior became actually blocked up. Good gracious! what a strange medley of bushwhackers! Old and young maidens, matrons and children were there also—all of whom were clothed in their Sunday best. A coarse covering and the relic of a finer garb might be seen together on the same person. Deer-skin jackets and wolverine top-coats, fox-fur hats, &c., also formed a part of the fashionable attire of the foresters. At length his Reverence entered and seated himself at the upper end of the shanty. He was a short, plumpy, respectable-looking elderly gentleman. His appearance, even its first impression, appeared familiarly to my mind. Certainly I had seen the man before, but when or where no distinct idea could be remembered until he arose and spoke. Quick as the lightning the ideas of a former period of my

life flashed across my mind, and I instantly recognised in him the identical person who was formerly known by me as the Rev. Doctor Crowder, once our minister at Beech Ridge.* Twenty years had passed away since our last interview. Alas! what changes, even to myself, had occurred during that interval. I was at that time but a reckless, wayward boy, dreaming only in the sunshine of my own heart; unconscious of the world's woes, and blind to the eventful ills incidental to human life. Strange metamorphosis of time, indeed.

> Reflection made me pause with tears,
> Upon the footprints of those years,
> That in the paths of life were placed
> Too deeply sunk to be effaced.

The minister having read the 23rd Psalm, requested that some one present would conduct the singing. Silence for a few seconds ensued. He again solicited, whereupon a rough, burly bushwhacker arose and struck up tune on the alto-key-note of the solo-treble-organ-bass, and a variety of windpipes, tempered to every tone, responded therewith, and sent forth a loud swelling volume of devotional praise. One line was sung, and the next was being commenced, when the "precentor" ran off the track, and instantaneously stopped his wind-organ, which produced a harsh flourish of rickety crotchets and double semi-quavers among the singers, who, on discovering that their leader was nonplussed, stopped also, one after another as soon as possible, and a deathlike silence ensued. The precentor again attempted to proceed with the tune, but failed, and then sat down. A tall, ghastly, hollow-bosomed woman arose and struck up the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and succeeded wonderfully well. One after another the company joined in

* See Tale 3.

chorus; a musical medley was the result, and, after a prodigious effort of the audience, the music part of the service was remarkably performed. When the services were concluded I availed myself of an interview with the minister, who was in reality the very Dr. Crowder alluded to. He had entirely forgotten me; but a few incidents of the past which I suggested were sufficient to refresh his memory. He expressed himself most extremely happy to meet with me, and I promised to call upon him the following day. Next morning I bade farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Boswell and family, and walked over to the York Branch; but the minister had just gone to visit a sick person in the neighbourhood. Consequently, I lost the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the additional circumstances of his life. Finding it impossible to procure a horse-conveyance, and not wishing to prolong my stay, I began my return route on foot, but was shortly afterwards overtaken by a teamster, from the lumber shanty, on his way to Madoc for provisions. He requested me to ride along with him, with which I readily complied; and, having a good team, we glided rapidly along, and reached the Jordan that evening, where we remained over night, and arrived at Madoc on the following day. I proceeded thence to Belleville, and on the second day afterwards landed safely at my "local residence," at the village of St. John Chrysostom, County of Chateauguay, Canada East.

NOTE TO MY READERS:—Since the manuscript of this work was forwarded to the printer, I have been informed by a correspondent at Brantford, that the Rev. David Farndem, who was arrested as a Fenian, and lodged in the jail of that place, is the identical Georgius Aristarchus Glendinning, who figures so largely in Tale 3d of this work.

A. L. S.

THE END.